

BETTER EVERY WEEK

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 117. [PUBLISHED
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WEEK ENDING JANUARY 28TH, 1911.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.



No. 117.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 28TH, 1911.

ONE PENNY.

WHEN?

THE GOOD TIME THAT A MAN DREAMS OF.

The man in physical and mental health seldom sits down and deliberately looks forward to a time when he will be able to give himself a spell of ease and indulgence. As a rule he is too fully absorbed in his work or his sport to think of resting in mere idleness. But there are, nevertheless, times when there flashes over him a deep and almost pathetic yearning for a little peace when he may follow his heart's desire.

The battle perhaps has gone very fiercely with him, so that he has had no time to turn round and survey things dispassionately. Day by day he has been reminded of tastes and interests that he loves to indulge, but that are put far away by circumstances. It may be that he is a great reader and has a keen desire to read some favourite author from end to end.

Or his desire may be to go a-walking for weeks, and to live the life of a wanderer, a gipsy. Again, he may hunger and hanker after world-wide travel; and contrariwise, all he may desire is a little stream, remembered of old, in which he can fish.

It matters not what his desire happens to be. What affects him is that he desires it very earnestly and he knows it is impossible to satisfy his longing.

And then he sits down and makes a solemn compact between himself and Fate. He promises that one day—in a hazy, optimistic mood he fixes it a few years hence—he will have his desire.

When, for a spell, the storm and stress of life are overpast and he can stand aside, then he will redeem the promise he makes to himself in secret.

In a thousand offices such promises are made by men who yearn for that spell of leisure. Their companions know nothing of their longing. Perhaps for a moment they see a far-away, wistful light pass over a colleague's face.

Then he turns to his work again, his soul buoyed up by the thought of that coming time when he will crowd a life's longing into a glorious spell of undisturbed enjoyment. But for most of us it is not likely to arrive much before the millennium, but still we cling to the picture that we conjure up with child-like faith that it will one day be realised.

It is when we are hardest pressed by the stresses of everyday life and work that the vision usually rises before us, and though occasionally the contrast may make us feel bitter, we return to our task refreshed.

H. C. MORNINGTON.

CHEEK.

When a man rolled out of an express the other day, as the train tore through the station, he remarked on picking himself up that his wife was in the train. This was not by way of explanation of his action.

"Capture of Two Lead Thieves," shouts an evening paper headline. There could hardly have been much of a chase after the heavy villains.

World Politics, or How They Do It Abroad.—1. South America: When in doubt shoot the President.

A correspondent complains that none of the extra eleven million sovereigns minted last year have yet reached his peaceful suburb.

Beware of the man who says "I leave it to you, sir." You generally end by leaving it all with him.

Another vegetarian stronghold captured! An M.P. says our bread is adulterated with the bones of donkeys, horses, and oxen.

Bakers are losing a splendid chance. Why not advertise the fact—and put the price up?

"Mourning," says the "Times," "is now almost always bought ready-made." We do indeed take our pleasures sadly—even when shopping.

A reader complains that the "last train" goes too early. We would first like to ask him where and how he spent the evening.

Have you noticed the growing uneasiness among women? In a few months the Census papers will have to be filled. They contain "age" columns.

"—n! There goes another sheet." Some of us are still under the impression that we are still in the dark ages of 1910.

He was a brilliant journalist who, in describing Sir Joseph Lyons's business ability, said: "He had the nose to see the taste of the people." Second sight, assuredly, but, let us hope, no slighting reference was intended in regard to Sir Joe's Hebrew descent.

Favourite Hymns.—1. The Milkman's: "Shall we gather at the River?"

"TOUCHANGO."

THE NEW PIPE.

A SKETCH.

It came, a little gem in a case, buff-lined and beautiful, that was beyond reproach.

The recipient looked at it. He was a young man blessed with numerous pipes. When they were tidied up they made a formidable array in a rack in the corner.

"This pipe," said he to himself, "will come in nicely when the others are burnt up."

But even as he thought those words there came a knock at the door and he heard the voice of the donor.

"My dear chap," he said, as that generous friend of his came in; "thanks for that splendid little present of yours. I was just going to try it. . . . Take a seat."

The host extracted the pipe from its case and fitted the amber mouthpiece. He then took from his tobacco jar a generous filling.

"A lot of men," he said, "seem to be quite afraid of smoking a new pipe. . . . There, that's got it. . . . (puff—puff—PUFF!) . . . Lot of sentimental rot, of course. Half the old pipes that chaps like to make you believe they're very fond of are simply chock full of nicotine, and you get a stream every now and then or a chunk of ancient baccy, which isn't by any means like a Neapolitan ice, is it? (I say, do you mind just chucking those matches over? Thanks. It was talking too much to you, old sport. Puff! Puff!! Puff!!!) Ah, now we've—O-och!"

The smoker broke forth into a choking cough. He wiped the tears from his eyes.

"This Binkleton's mixture, y'know," he went on; "isn't quite so good just now as it might be. This is a sort of bad vintage. Nineteen five, you know, wasn't much of a crop. I've had a taste like that several times lately. . . . Yes, p'raps you're right. Like burning wood, you say? My dear man, it's not this excellent briar! In my opinion, as I told you, it's all a lot of rot, this prejudice against new pipes. Pipes have all got to be new some time or the other, haven't they? And those people who say they can't stick them are talking out of the perforation of their hats. Besides—" puff-puff-puff-puff-puff-puff. . . . PUFF! ("Ah, would you!) it shows narrow-mindedness. The same lot would refuse to read a new author or look at the work of a new artist. . . . (There, hang it, it's out again! Jawing to you, you know, I haven't given this little chap a chance. Would I rather resume one of my old pipes? Not for wo—orlds, my dear man. . . . Cigarette? Well, thanks. Perhaps a cigarette is best after dinner.")

E. C. RAILTON.



MOTOR-DRIVING FOR A LIVING.

ITS PROSPECTS AS A PROFESSION AND HOW TO LEARN IT.

Motor-driving, like all new trades, is not sufficiently run after by the right type of men.

There are hundreds of so-called chauffeurs who cannot obtain work—for a reason that will presently be explained—but the writer does not know of one single case where an energetic and capable motor-driver, with a fairly good education, is out of work.

Motor-driving, being a new trade, appeals very strongly to men who have been too careless or easy-going to learn any of the ordinary and more usual trades. They pay their guineas to a motor-school, and expect that prosperity for ever after must be their portion. They imagine that there is nothing very much to do or to know in driving a motor, and they fail in this as they have done in the other things that they have tried.

GOOD MEN NEEDED.

When, on the other hand, a well-educated man, with a taste for mechanics, takes up motor-driving, he absolutely romps ahead, and in a very short time earns from £2 to £8 a week.

It is unfortunate that the best type of men are very slow to take up a new trade, and it is with a view to breaking down their prejudices, and to show them the possibilities of motor-driving, that I present these facts to their notice.

If you contemplate taking up motor-driving the first question to ask yourself is whether you are physically fit, as there is considerable strain in driving a high-power car for a long distance. If you are satisfied on this point, your next consideration is how to learn the work.

ADJUSTMENTS, BUT NOT REPAIRS.

It should be pointed out here that a chauffeur need not necessarily have very much mechanical knowledge of his car. He is not expected to do repairs, but he must be able to see to the adjustment of his engines, and to look after such important details as lubrication and ignition. It is no part of his work to deal with breakages, although, of course, it is an advantage if he can relieve his employer of the expense of repairs.

I am emphasising the fact that it is not necessary for a chauffeur to have much mechanical knowledge, but that is all that the majority of motor schools give him. They lecture him upon the mechanism of the engine, they show him many diagrams, but they do not teach him his real work, which is to drive.

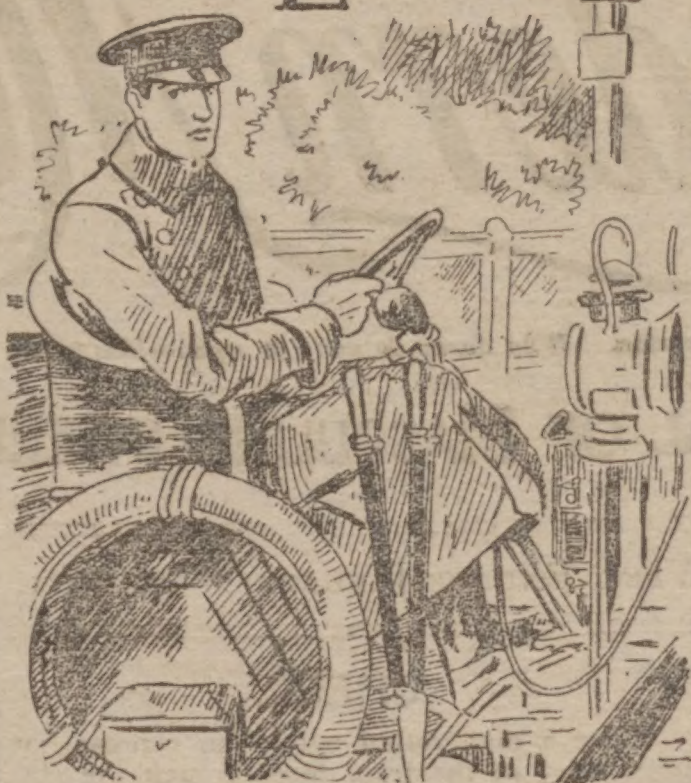
The best motor-drivers are old coachmen and cabmen, for they know the rules of the road and the etiquette of the road, and they have a natural instinct for judging distances and negotiating traffic without danger, delay, or clumsiness.

WHERE TO LEARN.

If you propose to take up motor-driving, you cannot be too careful in the selection of a school. So many days of class work for the explanation of the mechanism are, of course, necessary, but what you should look for principally is whether the school you propose to patronise is going to give you a sufficient amount of actual driving practice.

The manager of The Motor Schools, Ltd., Heddon Street, London, W., informed the writer that it is their system to give the pupil fourteen days of class work, and twelve driving lessons, each consisting of half-an-hour at the wheel, with a competent teacher beside him, with different kinds of cars, and in all sorts of traffic.

Those who desire to become chauffeurs should see that the school they propose patronising contracts to give them a reasonable



number of driving lessons. At the present time, there are some schools which advertise extensively in the daily newspapers and which do not possess a single motor-car, although they have a number of small models.

A MATTER OF EXPERIENCE.

Motor-driving is not a theoretical, but essentially a practical business, and it is only by practice that you can get the necessary confidence and knack.

As to the time taken in learning, much depends on the aptitude of the pupil. Just as some men seem to be born horsemen, so others appear to be gifted with an instinct for driving a motor-car, and the writer knows of several cases where men have become competent chauffeurs after no more than a week's training at a good school.

The average period required to learn motor-driving, however, is about six weeks, but there are some men who require much longer.

As to the fees that should be paid, four guineas is an ample sum. Driving lessons have, of course, to be of an individual character, and occupy the whole time of the teacher, besides the use of the car, but the class work costs the school people less, as one teacher can instruct several students at the same time. Do not pay more than four guineas, as thoroughly sound tuition can be had for that sum.

GETTING A JOB.

The choice of a school is an important matter, not only because some will teach you and some will not, but also because the certificates given by the different schools vary in value according to the standard of that school, and a man with a certificate from a good school finds it much easier to get work than do those who have no such qualification to show.

As to finding work after you have qualified, much depends upon your own taste.

The taxi-cab driver gets 25 per cent of his earnings, and buys his own petrol, the result being an average of over £2 a week net profit.

AN OPEN-AIR LIFE.

More money than this can, however, be made in private service, and the gentleman chauffeur has a much better time of it than has the man who serves the public.

A really competent man in private service, where a number of cars are kept, can command as much as £8 per week, with board and lodging, and he has cleaners and mechanics to assist him. Even the cleaners get 27s. 6d. a week, when they are living on their own.

A chauffeur in private service gets a minimum of £2 a week, with free board and lodging, and he has a constant change of scenery and work that is always interesting. He has, in fact, a much better time of it than has an ordinary city clerk.

T. B. COUSINS.

VERY UNDRRESS HINTS.

(With apologies to Captain Saunders.)

At the present moment it is not fashionable to wear the fringes at the bottom of the trousers quite as long as usual. At the same time the trousers should reach, if possible, to the ankle; or, at any rate, below the knee.

When in evening dress it is no longer considered quite correct to wear a dicky. If you must wear one, however, it is advisable to see that it is not much smaller than the opening of your waistcoat—especially if you wear a pink flannel shirt.

Don't leave too much of your handkerchief hanging out of your trouser-pocket. It looks as if you weren't used to it and wanted to display it.

A frock coat looks very well with riding-breeches and leggings, but if you happen to possess a lounge jacket or Norfolk, perhaps the general effect is slightly smarter.

If you are thinking of getting married, do see that there is not a large hole in the sole of one of your boots. It looks so bad while you are kneeling at the altar rails.

Patent-leather boots are being less used by golfers now. They find, no doubt, that the polished toes take their eye off the ball.

The custom of ventilating the feet by stitching the uppers of the boots, though hygienic, has not advanced much in favour with the Upper Ten.

The seats of the trousers, especially of the serge and other dark materials, are worn more shiny this year than they were three years ago. That is to say if you are still wearing the same suits.

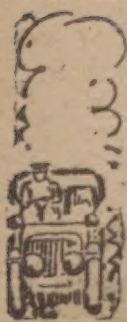
Collars are quite frequently worn, even in the best houses, this season. The fashionable knotted handkerchief has lost much of its popularity.

Failing braces, an old tie or handkerchief tied round the waist is most effective, but have not noticed that this fashion has gained much hold in Bond Street lately.

Spats are coming into favour again among men who prefer shoes to boots. They are especially useful if you have a hole in the heel of your sock.

Bow ties are also popular, especially artistic circles. The bow should not be more than eighteen inches across, nor should it be too low, or it may get into your soup.

J. G. WESTON.



A STORY IN LETTERS.

By A. G. STORM.

CARTWRIGHT'S FRIEND

*The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.*

—SHAKESPEARE.



"As for his habits. Oh, you silly old suspicious mother! Of course he drinks. Two, three, or four—perhaps six glasses of beer in an evening. And occasionally a Scotch. And occasionally something else. But he doesn't have a spot more than he thinks good for him; he's got too much respect for his physical fitness for that; and he never presses me if I'm disinclined.

"In short, he's clean, mother. Clean and virile and straight, and you needn't have the slightest fear that he will lead your precious son into bad ways or bad company, or have anything but a good effect on him.

"I consider I'm the luckiest of beggars to have come across such a chap. And so should you! The only wonder is that he can see anything in me to attract him! I'm a youngster, and a bit raw, and I've got nothing to recommend me; and yet there's dead equality between us. Never a sign on his side of anything but gladness at seeing me. Never a hint of being more experienced, or older, or wiser. Just comrades. Just friends. And I can't put myself in the position of particularly wanting anything else."

A subsequent letter revealed another side of Cartwright's affection for his friend.

"Did I tell you," he wrote, "that Henderson is town-traveller for one of the firms we buy from? He is, you know. In fact, it was in that way that I first came to know him. He generally calls on us twice a week, and it's usually my duty, as sub-buyer for the department, to interview him. We talk in a private room set apart for the purpose.

"Well, a funny thing happened the other day. Henderson came, and I saw him, and the first thing he said, after shaking hands, was:

"Cartwright, old man, I want a couple of hundred pounds, and I've got to get it before the day is out."

"He said it with his usual cheery smile, and without an atom of anxiety.

"I thought rapidly. One can, you know, when one has to.

"I can manage thirty-five," I said, "but that's about all, for I'm not one to save much. I can get it by wiring. Think you can obtain the balance elsewhere?"

"Henderson burst out laughing.

"You've misunderstood," he said. "I'm not borrowing. What I meant was that the firm have to meet a heavy bill this afternoon, and have sent me out to rake up a couple of hundred pounds from one customer or another. Your people are owing us fifty-four pounds odd—he consulted a pocket-book—and I've come to inquire if you could oblige us with a cheque."

"Well, I laughed as well. It was rather comical that I should immediately have searched my mind to find out how much I could help him, without asking a single question or feeling any surprise.

But it merely shows, I suppose, that if he wanted the earth, and I'd got it, I should surrender it to him as a matter of course, and I feel sure that he would do the same for me if I were in difficulties."

Further letters were couched in a similar eulogistic strain, and it gladdened the mother's heart to know that her son was so happy. She took to including Henderson in her prayers.

Then came the following letter:

"Dear Mother,—I want to tell you something about Henderson. I've told you about him from the beginning, and you may as well hear the end.

"It happened very simply.

"We had arranged to go for a walk one night. He rang me up and said he wasn't feeling well, and would stay in for the evening, and would I excuse him? I said, 'Certainly.'

"Not quite knowing what to do with myself—I was a bit disappointed—I went to the Tivoli music-hall. There I saw Henderson in a box, in company with another fellow and two young women.

"They were laughing and talking, and seemed to be paying very little attention to what was going on on the stage. I didn't know the women, but they seemed vulgar and flashily dressed.

"I couldn't quite understand it till he chanced to see me looking at him from the stalls, when he coloured up.

"I went cold when he coloured up.

"At the interval he beckoned me, and I went to him, and met him outside in the passage.

"He said: 'My headache passed off, old chap,' and introduced me to his friend. I knew that he had not had a headache at all, and that he had told me a lie in order to keep an appointment which promised better enjoyment.

"I didn't tell him so then; there was no chance. I told him the following night.

"I said, 'Henderson, I didn't mind being put off, nor should I have minded had you told me something else had turned up to which you preferred to go. It would have proved that you believed me incapable of feeling meanness or jealousy about you. But instead of that, you misled me, you sheltered yourself behind an excuse, you lied.'

"And I turned away. I couldn't look at him.

"He said, 'You're wrong. I didn't lie to you for that reason. I had given you my word, and I didn't want you to think I had broken it.'

"I told him I had rather the other than know him for a coward, and his lips turned white.

"We were both perfectly quiet.

"He said, just as I was coming away, 'I can't help thinking that you're smashing our friendship for the sake of a trifle.'

"I told him that was the hell of it.

"There are plenty of men in London who do regard that sort of thing as a trifle, but somehow I can't see it in that light.

"I suppose I got my ideas from you, mother, and I don't think they will ever alter. I couldn't bear to think that the man I called my friend was doing things behind my back that he was afraid to do with my knowledge.

"So you see, mother, it is over. I don't know whether you will think that I have acted too hastily, or been harsher than the circumstances warranted. I feel quite calm about it in my own mind. I cannot see at all that I could have acted otherwise.

"Friendship, to me, is a sacred thing. It must deserve one's reverence or it is worthless. Henderson fell short.

"I thought that he cared for me as I cared for him. I know now that he didn't. He was flattered by my admiration.

"That is all.

"Please don't write and commiserate with me, mother, because I couldn't bear it.

"Your loving son,

"ARTHUR CARTWRIGHT."



A PROTEST AGAINST A GROWING AND ANNOYING PRACTICE.

If asked to state the most irritating and annoying of the minor nuisances of the present day I should unhesitatingly name the collecting-box plague.

This has lately become one of the greatest nuisances imaginable, and it is high time that a stop was put to what threatens to be carried to even more appalling lengths.

Nowadays it appears to be the practice for every hospital, local and general, every institution, philanthropic and otherwise, every club, society, association, committee, or other body, to scatter broadcast, over an already impecunious world, a perfect peppering of collecting-boxes.

These boxes are in many cases entrusted to boys and girls of very tender years—children, in fact, who are probably made to believe they are doing something grand and good by worrying total strangers, on every possible and impossible occasion, for pence.

BAD FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

The whole practice has far more objectionable than pleasing features.

In the first place, a man has a perfect right to be able to walk abroad without having collecting-boxes thrust under his nose by impudent and cocksure youngsters who run alongside with faces as bold as brass asking one in their plaguey way to "spare a penny."

It is extremely annoying and is quite likely to lead to the further demoralisation of the collectors themselves. That, however, is their own look out, and is on the heads of those who so thoughtlessly send them forth into the streets.

I am no philanthropist anxious for the welfare of youth, desirable as this is. I write solely from the point of view of a harassed and often-annoyed member of the general public, from the general public's point of view.

BAD FOR CHARITY.

Another objection is that, having these demands made so often for that "spare penny," tends to make one shut one's purse tightly.

Whatever the object of the collection may be, it is far more likely to lose the more substantial subscriptions of the individual man, worried in this way, than if appeals were made through the ordinary channels.

Indiscriminate chugging about of pence is not the method adopted by reasonable and thinking men who wish to benefit any object that is sound and deserving. They take their responsibilities towards such objects far more seriously than this.

It is quite bad enough to find collecting-boxes with pictures of starving wretches staring one in the face in railway-stations and public-houses, but to be tracked about from place to place by children and women rattling a few pence in a box is not an attractive prospect, and is calculated to make a man consign all charities to perdition.

SOME EXAMPLES.

That this complaint is well founded, nobody who is out and about to any extent in town or country will for a moment doubt. We are all beset by the collecting-box fiend.

Here, then, are some actual examples of the disease.

To my intense surprise I found only a day or so ago that even the railway train was not a safe refuge from the pushing collector.

Stopping at a station recently the train had hardly come to a standstill before half a dozen hoyden girls pushed their heads into the carriage and flourishes the usual mahogany box with a slit in the top before the faces of the passengers.

"Help our cottage hospital," they all asked, or rather commanded.

"Our cottage hospital" was probably unknown to any single one of the hundred or two hundred passengers.

Nevertheless, the boxes were held in front of our faces until we were either downright rude to the collectors or the train moved on.

What the railway company was thinking about in allowing such a thing, I do not know, and I fancy I could get the sack for a certain station-master for permitting it, if I lodged complaint in the proper quarter.

RISKY AS WELL AS UNPLEASANT.

I expect he'll see this, so I will assure him I am not going to complain this time.

If one of those pushing girls had got mangled between the footboard and the platform as the train moved there would have been no end of an outcry.

Again, going home by tram-car one is constantly subjected to the loathsome importunities of the dirtiest and most odoriferous of humanity, who, after twanging on a banjo comes round with a filthy hat. Conductors wink at it. Perhaps they draw commissions. Anyway it is a common thing in tram-cars in London and elsewhere.

Taking my stand in a queue outside the pit door of a theatre the other day, I was hardly in my place before the rattle of the collecting-box came within earshot.

There is hardly a restaurant, theatre, church, or railway station without its female or juvenile spider waiting with a box and a demand that is not unlike "your money or your life."

These creatures contrive to put into their appeal something that, in many cases, has the effect of calling public attention to your and your refusal is given with a sort of feeling that the onlookers have been shocked at your callousness.

There is no doubt that the streets are becoming more and more to be regarded as the ground where all sorts of charities and other things can prey upon the public in this objectionable way, and the sooner it ceases the better for all parties concerned. It is qualifying for the rank of a crying scandal.

R. MORGAN.

ADJUTANTS OF REGULARS.

THEIR RANK AND DUTIES.

Chatting with a Territorial friend the other day, something brought up the subject of adjutants, and he was very much surprised to learn that the "Regular" adjutant is by no means always a captain, as he almost invariably is in the Territorials.

Indeed, the "Regular" adjutant is generally appointed whilst still a subaltern, though in nine cases out of ten he will "get his company" before completing his term of office.

The King's Regulations, too, bear this out for by par. 107, commanding officers are enjoined to "encourage subaltern officers to qualify for the duties of adjutant, both in the field and the orderly-room, and will afford them every facility for so doing."

The way to the adjutancy generally lies through the assistant adjutancy, the assistant adjutant, who must have qualified at a school of musketry, having charge of the musketry training of young officers and recruits, and of machine gun detachments. He is always a subaltern.

As a matter of fact, senior adjutants are much liked. This not on any personal ground, but you do not want two commanding officers in a regiment. For example, the adjutant holds certain early morning and afternoon parades and these have to be attended by all officers junior to the adjutant.

I may explain that the adjutancy confers no extra rank. He can request a senior officer to do this or that "by order" of the C.O., but he has no direct authority over officers who are senior to him in the regimental list.

Well, if you get a major or senior captain as adjutant that means that officers have to turn out for extra parades which, in the ordinary way, they would not attend.

Therefore the adjutant of Regulars is nearly always a young man, chosen for his keenness and ability.

He does not interfere with senior officers for he merely conveys to them the instructions and orders of the C.O., and while, of course, he is very much behind the scenes of regimental life, he has no direct authority over those junior to him.

In the Territorials, I understand, the adjutant's position is different. He is almost invariably a captain and senior to all other captains. I am told that even off parade he is saluted and "sirred" by his juniors, that he sits in a special place at mess, and in one way or another is differentiated from his comrades.

This is not so in the Service. There the adjutant leaves the adjutancy behind when he enters the mess and becomes again the subaltern, with absolutely no distinction between him and his fellows.

I am not saying the Territorial system is wrong. The T.A. is in a different position from the Regular. He "runs" the regiment for the greater part of the year, and his brother officers, both senior and junior, look to him for guidance to an extent unknown in the Regulars.

D. G. WISHART.



MARRIAGE: YES—OR NO?

NO.

If you have ever heard or read the English marriage service you must have been impressed with the fact that it is not a very beautiful one.

In it are given certain reasons for marriage, reasons which, though undoubtedly utilitarian, and presumably for the good of the State, are by no means romantic ones.

It is doubtful whether any man or any woman has ever married for the reasons given in the English Church marriage service. Men and women marry, as a rule, just because they are in love.

Amongst the upper ten, many men marry in order to get money, and many women marry to get position; but, when the wider public is considered, such people form so small a minority that they need not be discussed.

Love still remains the principal reason why the average man takes a wife.

Love is very beautiful and very comforting, and it would doubtless never lose its charm if the persons influenced by it did not marry, but familiarity breeds contempt.

The man, seeing his wife in curl papers, realises the unpleasant fact that she is as commonplace as other women. The woman, forced to spend an evening with her husband when he has a headache, learns that the beautiful qualities which she supposed him to possess are liable to disappear on very small provocation, and that the magnificent courage which she thought to be his exclusive property melts away at the slightest twinge of physical discomfort.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The woman ceases to recount her household troubles, because the man yawns when she does so; he stops telling her about his business interests, because he finds that she does not understand him. After a year—and often after a month—the gilt is off the golden wedding. Love has gone, and two human beings are tied to one another by law and convention without there remaining any sentimental justification for their union.

It was for the sake of love that the man gave himself hand and foot financially. It was for love that he spent his savings in purchasing a house, and it was for love that he gave up his bachelor luxuries and devoted all his money to housekeeping.

INCREASED EXPENSES.

Hitherto his expenses for board and lodging were small and he had plenty of money in his pocket, but now he has to forego all the luxuries that make life pleasant, and has to devote every penny beyond his mere business expenses—such as train fares and city lunches—to keeping up the house which he has founded. The reward would be ample if the love dream pictured were a lasting reality—but it is

The average man marries for love, and the average woman marries for a home. Both are usually disappointed, but both have common sense enough not to show their disappointment, particularly to their relatives and

DAVID COOPER.



YES.

When once a man has met the right girl, he doesn't usually debate long as to whether he should marry; he only knows that he wants to marry and that he means to do so just as soon as he can afford it.

And if he has really got the right girl, I don't believe he will ever regret having taken the step. There must, of course, be a certain amount of give and take in married life, but if both parties are sensible and give as much as they expect in return, they can enjoy happiness that single life could never give.

What constitutes the happiness of the single man? So far as he possesses it, it is mostly made up of transitory pleasures and enjoyments. He may be able to spend more time at the theatre, at convivial evenings with his friends, or even to devote more time to his favourite sport—though many of the keenest and most active sportsmen are married men.

HOME LIFE

But there is no permanency about his happiness, and what he lacks is that home-life that is more a reality in Great Britain than in any other country on the face of the earth. I believe that no other language contains a word which can convey every meaning of the English word "home."

The married man has a sort of a sheet-anchor in his home, and a motive in life which the single man cannot possess.

The latter is working, in most cases, for himself and for a little more pocket money. The married man is working to support his wife and perhaps a growing family. He cheerfully hands over the greater part of his earnings to provide for the comfort of the home, and he is the happier for doing so.

THE GREATEST LUXURY OF ALL.

And then there is the joy of having a home of your own. The man in digs cannot realise the comfort and real independence that the married man possesses. It may cost more to keep two than one—though some maintain that an economical wife will actually save you money—but though your money may be spent on different objects, yet you are getting better value for it. You may have to give up little luxuries that you allowed yourself before, but you are getting others in return; and, first of all, the great luxury of happiness.

Contrast the home-coming in the evening of the bachelor and the married man. The one returns to his lonely digs without a welcome. He must go elsewhere to find company or amusement. The other comes back to a comfortable home and a peaceful evening in the best company in the world.

It is true that married life cannot be merely a prolonged love-dream, as so many engaged couples seem to expect it to be. There are practical difficulties to be faced, but the love that leads the right man and the right woman to the altar develops into a loving companionship or friendship, if you will, that is infinitely finer than the strongest friendship between man and man can be.

E. F. MASON.

KNOTTY POINTS AT SNOOKER.

SOME HINTS TO SAVE DISPUTES.

Snooker pool is a pleasant game, but it sometimes gives rise to disputes.

Of course, these should never occur when there is a competent marker or an exhibited copy of the rules, but sometimes both are missing; while, again, the game is occasionally played under special local rules.

A point often hotly disputed is the number of balls that may be potted by one stroke, but there should not be any real difficulty about this.

Any number of red balls may be potted and scored by one stroke, provided, of course, that the striker does not foul or otherwise incur a penalty.

If, however, you pot a red ball and a coloured ball in one stroke then you lose the value of the coloured ball, even although the red goes into the pocket first.

If you pot the red and two or more coloured balls in the same stroke, you forfeit the value of the highest coloured ball pocketed.

Only one coloured ball can be potted at a time. If you pot two or more simultaneously, you again lose the value of the highest ball pocketed.

Another knotty point is the replacing of pocketed balls. The general rule is that a pocketed red ball is not respotted, but that the coloured balls when taken are replaced on their proper spots so long as a red ball remains on the table.

Many players, however, think that if a red ball is potted by a foul stroke, or the white goes down at the same time, that the red must be spotted, but this is not so. Once pocketed, a red is never replaced.

In regard to the coloured balls, the player who takes the last red ball can play on any coloured ball, but after that the coloured balls must be pocketed in their proper order of yellow, green, brown, blue, pink, and black.

If a player pots a coloured ball out of order, then that ball is replaced on its spot; but if he pots a ball and at the same time runs in himself, that ball is not respotted, provided it was taken in order, and the next player continues from hand.

When only the black is left on the table, if the player misses it or the cue ball or runs in off it, the game is over.

The case of the cue ball touching a red or coloured ball sometimes gives rise to discussion. The rule is that in this position the striker cannot give a miss. Suppose that after taking a red, the cue ball is left touching green, can the striker play at another coloured ball and score if he takes it? Yes, provided he plays away from green, does not move it, and nominates the ball he means to hit. If he misses or runs in off the nominated ball then he loses its value.

When a player is "snookered" he must, on request, name the ball he intends to hit, and if he misses it and hits another ball of higher value, he pays forfeit on that ball.

A player cannot be "snookered" as the result of a miss given or a foul stroke made by a "snookered" player.

The "push" stroke is not allowed at snooker, or, for that matter, at any game of pool.

Even when there is a marker, the striker is responsible for seeing that all balls that should be on the table are on it and correctly placed. If he plays when a coloured ball is improperly off the table, or incorrectly spotted, the stroke is foul, he cannot score, and the next player continues.

If a player hits two coloured balls simultaneously he forfeits the value of the higher ball.

R. BALL.



HOW THE POLICE GET CLUES.

MYSTERIES ARE SOLVED MORE OFTEN BY ORGANISATION THAN BY CLEVERNESS.

"From information received, the police, late last evening, arrested a man in connection with the — murder mystery."

Such a news item very frequently appears in the papers, and those who have no knowledge of the methods employed for the detection of crime, may naturally suppose that the police have acted with great cleverness in spotting the murderer so quickly.

It would be unjust if one said that the police were not as clever as they should be, for at the present time there are in the police force many well-educated and energetic young men, who do all that could be demanded of them in the way of detecting crime; but it would be equally erroneous to credit the police with any sort of supernatural instinct with regard to finding criminals.

SYSTEMATIC RECORDS.

The organisation of the police gives them tremendous power, and puts the odds entirely in their favour.

At all times they keep in close touch with habitual criminals, and exact records are kept of some malefactors. When a burglary is committed, it frequently happens that the method of the crime resembles that adopted in a similar crime committed some years ago. The author of the previous crime is known to the police, and they set about discovering his present whereabouts. If he is out of gaol, it is quite possible that he may be responsible for this new burglary, and the police quietly ascertain what he was doing on the night in question. Possibly their inquiries may show that he is not guilty, and they then turn to other quarters, but it is simply their systematic method of record-keeping that has given them this first clue for investigation.

THE PAWNBROKER AND THE "FENCE."

Supposing that the suspect can clear himself, there is still another likely method by which the police will discover the perpetrator of the crime, and that is through the pawnbrokers.

After a burglary, every pawnbroker receives a circular describing the goods that have been stolen, and if anyone goes to his shop offering him these goods, he will detain him on some pretext while his assistant telephones for the police. In this way again, many arrests have been made.

The more experienced thief does not turn his goods into cash by means of the pawnbroker, but gets a price for them from a "fence," or receiver of stolen property. The business of the "fence" is, of course, a criminal one, but his doings are not unknown to the police, and often in such a quarter they obtain the necessary information.

HOW NEWSPAPERS HELP.

Where the crime is a sensational one, and one which arouses public attention, as in the case of a murder mystery, the papers deal very fully with it, and give photographs and descriptions of the wanted man. Hide himself where he may, it is practically impossible for him not to be discovered.

Time and again murderers have taken lodgings in some small town or village, and have given their landladies the excuse of lameness or illness to explain their not going out-of-doors. Where the description of the wanted man is adequate, however, it happens almost invariably that the landlady has seen it in her paper, has put two and two together, and has given information to the police. In such cases the credit of the arrest is due rather to the newspapers than to the police force.



In the matter of crime investigation, everything is in the favour of the police. Private books and records are shown to them that would not be shown to anyone else.

Take, for example, the books kept by the companies manufacturing typewriters. These are always at the disposal of the police, but no one else may see them.

TYPEWRITER CLUES.

It frequently happens that an incriminating document is typewritten, the purpose of the criminal being to avoid any clue as to his identity. In spite of this precaution, however, it is frequently possible for the police to discover the author of an anonymous typewritten letter. They do it with the assistance of the companies manufacturing typewriters.

The manufacturer of any typewriting machine can tell at a glance what machine has been used for turning out any piece of type-writing, and when the police have discovered which machine was used, they go to the head offices of the company concerned, and seek further assistance.

Each typewriter company keeps a record of every machine they produce; they have notes as to what repairs have been done in connection with it, and they know whether the "M" or the "O" is slightly out of alignment. Moreover, they have superintendents for every district, and these superintendents know the peculiarities of every machine of that make used in that district.

THE USEFUL POSTMARK.

On examining a piece of writing the expert can at once tell the peculiarities of the machine, and, by a careful examination of the records, the owner can be identified with reasonable certainty. The task is made still easier when there is some indication as to the locality in which the document was typed. In the case of anonymous letters, this is betrayed in most cases by the post-mark on the envelope.

In the Houndsditch and Stepney case, the police have encountered the greatest difficulty in persuading those possessing useful information to disclose it, but this is an exceptional state of affairs, and is due to the fact that the people concerned are aliens, who have good reason to be in terror of their lives at the hands of other aliens if they say anything that might assist the police in their search.

With the English criminal classes it is different. The English criminal is not, as a rule, vindictive either against the police or against anyone who may have assisted them to capture him.

There is, moreover, amongst the women

of the English criminal classes, a strange fascination in being concerned in a police hunt, and time and again they have gone to the nearest policeman and poured into his ears the most damning facts concerning their bands, brothers, or even sweethearts.

HUMAN MOTH3.

Generally they regret their action immediately they have given information, and often they perjure themselves in the witness-box in a hopeless endeavour to discount their previous statements; they have gone to the police for much the same reason as the moth flutters towards the candle-flame that is going to singe its wings.

But whatever may be the reason for the action of women of this type, the police find them extremely useful.

That the police do not always disclose channels which bring the necessary evidence, is, perhaps, due to their desire to appear more omniscient than they are; but that there are so many ways in which they do obtain information is gratifying to every law-abiding citizen.

STUART FREEMAN.

LEAGUE COLOURS.

The demand for ties made in THE MODERN MAN League colours continues unabated, and Messrs. Gamage are supplying them as quickly as the material is delivered from the weaver and sewn together by their workpeople.

Messrs. Gamage, by our authority, are also supplying mufflers made in these same colours. The price for these mufflers is 4s. 11d., post free. This may sound rather expensive, but there is a great deal of material in a muffler, and these League mufflers, like the ties, are made of pure silk, and not of a mixture.

Bow-ties cost 1s. 5½d., and wide-ended ties 2s. 5½d., post free.

We should like it to be understood that we do not supply these things from this office, but that we have authorised Messrs. Gamage to deal with all orders. The address is Gamage & Co., Holborn, London, E.C.

CLEANING ELECTRIC LAMPS.

The metal filament electric lamp has at this time practically ousted the carbon lamp, for it gives a far whiter and more satisfactory light with a lower consumption of electricity.

It has, however, one serious drawback, which is that the filament is so fragile that an accidental knock or a too vigorous cleaning will break it and render the lamp useless, though it may have cost only a crown or three-and-sixpence.

A tip worth knowing is that the filament is far less brittle when heated.

If you are about to clean the outside of a lamp—and this should be done far oftener than is usually the case—turn on the light and keep it burning until you have finished. You will not then have to use such extraordinary care in handling the lamp as would otherwise be necessary.

If you wish to shift a lamp from one room to another, which is a risky proceeding, the best avoided if possible, turn on the light for a few minutes, so as to heat and soften the filament and then turn off the current and remove the lamp.

Clean the lamp once a fortnight or so with a damp duster and you will get a far brighter light than if you allow the dust and dirt to accumulate on the glass bulb.

Never, in any circumstances, take the lamp out of the holder merely to clean it; you run a great risk of breaking the filament, and this is quite unnecessary. The ideal is never to remove a lamp from the holder until it is quite worn out.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By

JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Kernahan's Adjutant.



once, their tones eloquent of the fact that absence did indeed make the heart of "B" Squadron grow fonder of its Trooper Kernahan.

"It all started," said Kernahan, "by my meeting a chap in the train after I'd changed at Peterboro."

"Glad you went straight on from there," said Carteret. "I remember a Bishop sayin' it was the most immoral place in England."

"That Bishop had never been to Brermouth and asked you to show him round, Carteret. However, as I was saying when that blighter interrupted me, it was the second half of my journey to the Cut-me-down Counties that I met this man. Great ant—he got in with a gun and a couple of retrievers—deuce of a big man."

"We were both going through to Telston. He asked me if I were a hunting man—and, of course, that did it. Inside two minutes we had got into conversation, and we exchanged cards. It said Captain Wychleham on his."

"In the service, of course?" I said. "Yes. But I'm going to act as Adjutant in a Yeomanry Regiment," he said. "Before taking up these duties, however, I've something to do!"

"I saw he looked a little grim about it, so I said nothing further."

"What are you going to do in Telston?" he asked me.

"I want to get a day or two with the hounds," I said. "I hear they're a top-hole sporting lot—nice useful goers, without too much side. But, side or no," I said, "I'm out for sport, not for fraternising with the cream of the county families. I'm a martyr to the Chase, like the famous Mr. Jorrocks."

"That's settled it," said the Captain. "I'm a blood-brother of every man who appreciates Jorrocks and good hunting. But, to tell you the truth, the hunting is not the sole attraction at Telston for me."

"His face was pretty well India-tanned but it sort of went blacker."

"I realised it couldn't be a lady."

"I'm hunting a coward," he said. "I'm going to topple him over, properly, too. It's taken me three months to trace him; chaps who made a muck of it out in South Africa didn't trouble to advertise where they retired to. Three months—ever since I've been home from India—I've been looking for him. His name is—"

"And then he stopped."

"I'll bet a million you serve the King," he said. "What's your regiment?"

"I told him."

"And my rank is that of a Trooper—somewhat removed from the ken of an Adjutant. Which

reminds me," I said, "that our man's time is up. You may be the new man."

"If I am," he said, "we're in mufi now, aren't we?"

"For all that," I said, "it's not my policy to be too familiar with my betters. I fear this conversation must stop if—"

"If I'm going to be Adjutant of the Blankshires?"

"Exactly," I said, "with all due respect."

"By gosh, you're a man after my own heart, Trooper Kernahan. . . . I want some assistance in my mission. Will you be the man?" he says.

"I hesitated a bit."

"Look here," he said, "I want you to take me on trust. You can help me with the Telston by riding at my side as my friend."

"I looked at his face. It was dead honest."

"I'm neither well enough dressed nor horsed," I said, "although my old Peacock can jump a house. (I won't libel him too far.)"

"Quite right," he said, laughing. "I admire a man who admires his own horse; but what's it to be?"

"I'll ride as your groom," I said. "You can buy me a composition collar, red and white stripes, at Telston—sir!"

The audience around the fire observed "go on" when Trooper Kernahan paused for breath.

"So, you see, I became honorary groom to Captain Wychleham. But just as luck would have it, it was days before our quarry came out. As a groom I had asked the Captain no questions."

"I had ridden by his side, and many a day we had fine sport together, although it was a little hard, I'll admit, to drop behind just when hounds were fairly on the go. But grooms, I found out from others of that cap-touching fraternity, aren't exactly encouraged to be Piggotts, and the gallant Captain was having an A-4 time, using old Peacock as a spare mount—all for the purest swank. When I got his gee in my keeping, it was all I could do to keep him in hand. But you'll observe, there had to be a *raison d'être* for me, hence the unnecessary changing of horses."

"When night fell, the Captain would address to me a few words."

"Better luck to-morrow," he would say. "Our quarry hasn't turned out yet. No doubt the gorger hasn't got over his Christmas liver."

"But I stuck it out. I knew the Captain had good reason for adopting his tactics."

"On our fifth day a loud-voiced beggar came into the field, and proceeded to curse every groom, huntsman, and whipper-in. He was the Master of the Telston!"

"I guessed it at once when I saw the Captain glance at him—just glance, that's all."

"That's our quarry, sir?" I said.

"That's the gentleman!" said the Captain.

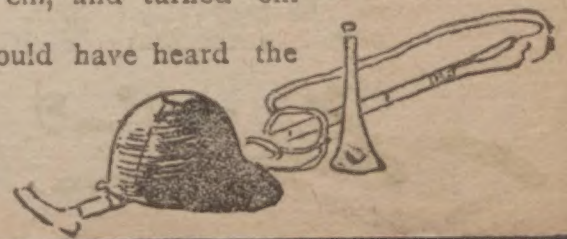
"You will recognise in him the bully—which always goes with cowardice. Now, Trooper Kernahan," he said, "I want you to make a sinner of yourself before the whole company at the close of the day. I want you to ride over the hounds and draw our friend's fire when the last run is over. I want you to act the insolent groom. There's nothing so relieving to a bullying master of foxhounds. If I haven't misjudged my man he'll come for you with his crop. He will imagine he can safely do that, considering his position and yours, though, if you were riding as a gentleman of the hunt he wouldn't dare. He will expect me to stop you, whereas I shall take your part."

"Well, boys, there came the last run of the day, as dusk was closing in."

"Now," said the Captain, when hounds were picking up the scent, "over-ride the hounds, head 'em off, enrage the beggar."

"It was like rubbing a cat's fur the wrong way; it was like asking me to ride out of formation and break a troop wheeling into line, but I got ahead on old Peacock, and, pretending I'd lost control of him, I was soon among the hounds. They were on the scent, but not quite sure about it. I made rings round 'em, and turned 'em properly."

"Gosh! you should have heard the



language—especially that of Verinder Cardrake, Master of the Telston Foxhounds.

"They went to bits, of course, and the Master called on the huntsman and the whipper-in to slay me.

"With that he abandoned the chase and started after me. But I had my instructions from the Captain. Off I went across country, straight for a lot of wooded land, which possessed the advantage of being delightfully secluded; and 'way came the Master after me, followed at a respectable distance by the Captain.

"It was grand—the first chance I'd had of really going. And I can tell you the three of us went hell-for-leather.

"Once into a clearing in the wood, I followed the Captain's instructions and dismounted, turning to face the purple-faced blighter.

"He swung off his horse very prettily, and came up for me with his crop. I waited for him, and just as he raised it to strike—expecting, no doubt, that I should cower like any other Telston groom—I let him have a playful tap on the shoulder—not too hard, as I had instructions to leave plenty of fight in him.

"And at that moment up came the Captain.

"I see, Captain Cardrake," he said, with a nasty emphasis on the *Captain*, "that even the South African inquiry hasn't cured you of cowardice and bullying. But I'm going to make an attempt to pay off a little score I have with you!"

"Who the devil are you, sir?" says the Master.

"My name's Wychleham," said the Captain.

"Lord, you should have seen how pale his Nibs went!"

"Verinder Cardrake," says the Captain, very dramatic, "you bullied my young brother into a fool's errand beyond the Vaal River, and then you left him with his handful of men to fight—with the chance of a rat in a trap. You abandoned him, and you left him to die."

Trooper Kernahan," he said, "leave us. It is a matter between this—gentleman and me."

Trooper Kernahan paused.

"When the Captain had finished with him," he concluded, "we sent his grooms to attend to him. I don't think their touch was precisely of the hospital nurse kind. Beside them a newly-recruited ambulance corps was not to be named."

As he concluded, the Sergeant-Major entered with an official-looking document in his hand.

"Adjutancy. Blankshire Yeomanry," he read out. "Captain the Honourable V. L. Wychleham has been, with His Majesty's approval, appointed Adjutant."

WHIP AND SPURS.

It may be thought superfluous in a rider to carry a whip and at the same time to wear spurs. The value of both, however, will be apparent if we remember that they are not solely used as goads to the horse. There are other and very different uses for both.

They come in very handy in turning. If, on drawing the rein for a turn, the action is accompanied by a touch of the spur and a touch of the whip on the flank all on the same side, a horse will turn more readily and neatly, without taking a great length or space to do so.

There are many people who regard spurs as extremely brutal, but, needless to say, these people, though excellent so far as intentions go, know nothing about horses.

Spurs may become, on the heels of a clumsy rider, sheer implements of torture, but on the heels of an expert they are seldom used to punish the horse.

Used at the right moment, however, they give him a control over his mount that he would not otherwise possess.

Spurs are often, of course, merely ornamental. Remember to have the teeth of the rowels cut off, or you may have trouble. To use sharp-rowelled spurs on a well-broken horse is unnecessary cruelty.

HOCKEY AS A SPORT



AND HOW THE HOCKEY GIRL IS SPOILING IT.

The footballer and the football enthusiast—they are not always the same person—are very apt to look upon hockey as a girl's game, not worthy of a man's serious attention, and there are many others who hold the same view.

But this is no fault of the game, as anyone who has witnessed a first-class match, say between Varsities or counties, can testify. It is a game that combines many of the fine qualities of Association football and of cricket. The hand and eye are called into play as they are in the summer game, while a good hockey match is as fast, and as good concentrated exercise, as a hotly-contested game of football.

The charge of effeminacy, however, has unfortunately some justification, and we owe it to the "hockey girl" who has become a type, and who is as unnatural a being as the typical suffragette. The only difference is that while the hockey girl exists in very plain fact, the typical suffragette is seldom met with outside newspaper caricatures.

MIXED CLUBS.

A friend of mine used to say that he liked "masculine men and fluffy women," and that is, more or less crudely expressed, the view of the average man.

But in the mixed hockey club you find neither of these types. You find women who would fain be masculine, and men who want to appear sportsmen without taking any risks.

The hockey girl has even developed a walk of her own, which is anything but ladylike. She affects a masculine stride, and even her figure acquires a masculine development that ill becomes her.

Women were not built for playing hockey. There are plenty of other exercises that are more suitable—riding, cycling, tennis, golf, croquet, boating, and so on. Here the woman appears in her element, and she can still enjoy the companionship of men in her sports.

NOT WOMAN'S SPHERE.

But as to playing hockey, she might as well play football. Indeed, two freak teams of women footballers toured the country some years ago, but though they drew large gates out of sheer curiosity, they were never regarded seriously, and to-day the idea of women playing football under either code seems almost absurd.

The inevitable effect of any movement to form women's football clubs would be to spoil the game and make it "drawing-room-like," at least if they attempted to take part in games with men.

Although it may seem ungallant to say so, hockey has suffered greatly from the fact that numbers of women play it, and more especially from the formation of mixed hockey clubs in so many places.

There is a certain type of male person, of

a rather effeminate order, who nevertheless covets the reputation of being a sportsman, and to him the mixed hockey club is a godsend.

He can change into workmanlike-looking flannels, take his hockey-stick and join in a game where, half the players being ladies, does not stand much chance of being hurt, all the men are playing very much with soft pedal down, and he thinks he can get after himself where the ladies are concerned. **NOT SO GENTLE AS IT SEEMS.**

As a matter of fact, if he knew more about it, he might realise that mixed hockey is a little more dangerous than the real thing, that he is quite likely to get damaged, and some excited Diana without being able to help himself go at all. But that is neither here nor there. This type of hockey-player is effeminate to do the game any good. He thinks he is in for a soft thing, and it is his fault if he is sometimes mistaken.

It is an extraordinary thing, it may be noted in passing, that women have never successfully taken up any game which is played by teams of several players. They seem capable of combining and working for the good of the side rather than for personal success. Tennis and croquet, with a partner, they can manage; and golf, however, a foursome remains very much an individual game; but the team games seem beyond them.

RECOGNITION AT THE 'VARSITY.

The hockey girl has undoubtedly given the game a bad name, and it is a pity that it should be so, for hockey is essentially a man's game, and as played by men, it makes a good understudy as a winter game to the forms of football. It will never quite win them from public favour, but like football remains primarily a British game.

It is only a year or two since Cambridge decided to give a full Blue, instead of a half Blue, for hockey, thus putting it on a level with rowing, cricket, and football. No doubt it will not be long before the University follows her lead.

R. L. McMILLAN.

A BAR PEST.

A pest has sprung up of late years in theatre buffets or crowded bars who should be guarded against by those who have yet met him.

In the crush at the bar he will wait until the man next him has put down, say, a crown to pay for his drink, and he will shout for one himself.

Often in the crush the barmaid will find that the two men are together and will pour for both drinks out of the half-crown when the mistake is pointed out the first will have disappeared.



FOOTBALL KIT

HOW TO CHOOSE AND WEAR IT.

By "JOCK" HAMILTON
(of the Brentford F.C.).

There is nobody who appreciates more fully the great importance of securing good football clothes than the professional player. The average amateur shows a very happy-go-lucky spirit in this direction; but if he knew how greatly he could improve his performances in the field by choosing his kit more judiciously, it is very long odds that he would be more careful about it.

It has therefore struck me that a short article containing a few hints from my own experience, on the selection and wearing of footer togs may be of more than a little interest and service to readers of this paper.

CHOICE NEW BOOTS.

Easily first in importance come the footer's boots. What does the average man do with regard to these? As soon as an old pair is worn out, he chucks them aside or gives them to some youngster of his acquaintance, and sallies forth to buy a new pair. And in nine cases out of ten, he gives as little as possible for them. A pair of men's football boots can be bought for as little as four or five shillings. On the other hand, you can give as much as you like for them. Most professional players have their boots made to their measure of specially-prepared leather at a cost of about fifteen shillings, and the result—in their case—is really worth while; but the man who only plays once a week or ought to get as good a pair as he wants for half-a-guinea.

A cheap pair of boots are stiff, clumsy, and afford no "feel" of the ball; and are, moreover, liable to crack right across the instep as the result of a strenuous tackle or kick.

SUIT EVERYBODY.

Some years back a well-known University and International used to play—and like a horse—in a pair of running pumps. I don't advise anybody to follow his example.

Now take socks. Either give a good price for real woollen socks, or better still, get some kind friend of the fair sex to make you a pair out of good shrunken wool. Then you will be spared the annoyance of socks getting through, shrinking, and continually coming down—or tearing into holes as you wear them on.

When you wear leg guards underneath your kit, I hope you do. Every professional player does, but a good many amateurs neglect to do so, and as a result a study of their shin bones will reveal all sorts of bumps and callosities of bone from which their brothers are immune.

SHIRTS AND BELTS.

When you are buying a shirt, be sure that it is a flannel one. Even if you wear nothing underneath—though if you are wise you will wear a warm vest—a flannel shirt will be comparatively warm, whereas in a muslinette shirt you are bound to shiver throughout the hottest game, and cannot possibly show your best form.

Don't wear a belt to keep your knickers up. It will impede your "wind," and at the same time, in the event of your nether garment being made so that they round your waist and are that they will be a hook on the inside instead of a button. In the days when top-buttons were much worn, I have seen more



than one minor accident caused by them in hard charges.

If you are a goalkeeper, don't give a big price for patent goal-keeping gloves. A pair of strong woollen gloves—or mittens—are as good as anything.

JOCK HAMILTON.

CLUB NEWS.

ANOTHER NEW CLUB: Mr. B. V. Marsden, Eton House, 6, Oxford Street, Long Eaton, is getting up a MODERN MAN club for that town and district. All readers in the vicinity are requested to help Mr. Marsden in every way, in order that this club may be made as successful as those which have already been established.

SOUTHAMPTON: Mr. A. E. Haysom, Hon. Secretary of the Southampton MODERN MAN Club, requests all readers in Southampton to communicate with him, so that the Southampton club, which has just been formed, may be made a power in the town.

A SUGGESTION: From Mr. W. D. Fraser, Hon. Assistant Secretary of the Glasgow MODERN MAN Club, comes the following suggestion: "Would you put it before the clubs," he asks, "that a member of one club going on holiday or on business to a town which has a MODERN MAN club could, on production of his membership card of his own club, be allowed the use of the club during his visit, and thus ensure friends in any of the big towns? We intend, at all events, to carry out the idea in our club."

The idea is an excellent one, but it is scarcely necessary to put the question to the committees of the various clubs, as hospitality to a stranger is part and parcel of the whole scheme of these clubs, whose object is the furtherance of good sportsmanship and good fellowship.

THE 'BUS DRIVER.

Motor-buses are excellent things when you are in a hurry, but there is one thing they lack, and that is the chance—which, on the horse 'bus, the man on the front seat on top always has—of talking to the driver.

The driver of the motor-bus may be a very interesting person, but no passenger can converse with him. The old-fashioned horse 'bus driver, however, is ready and willing to chat with anyone riding behind him, and the things he has to say are usually interesting.

His views on life are simple and clear; regarding politics he is usually diplomatic, till he sees what the opinion of his passenger may be; but if you are keen on horses, he meets you on equal ground, and the things he tells you are worthy of your attention.

THE COMING SNOWSTORM.

AND A STROLL UP THE VILLAGE AS THE FLAKES COME DOWN.

It never comes without ample warning, but the indications are such that they may well escape the notice of those to whom one type of weather is as good, or as bad, as another.

Indeed it requires some real interest in such matters before the coming of the snowstorm can be faithfully predicted.

Just as some people are more subject than others to psychic, and occult, influences, so some men make the worst barometers, and can tell nothing about the weather either from the appearances of the surroundings or from their own sensations.

It need not necessarily be an unpleasant warning that a man has when rough weather is coming. The fittest man may be deeply sensitive to change, while the man who judges the weather by the state of his muscles or his corns may after all be but an indifferent barometer.

But to return to, or rather to walk out towards, the snowstorm.

To a practised eye the signs are infallible. There are dense clouds which seem to have no particular shapes, and seem to have no particular movement, when snow is in the air.

There are often clouds about, in this rainy land, but there is only one sort that brings snow. It has almost a glow, it is blue-black, and looking at it one could imagine a furnace behind it, so virile and strong does it look.

Its colour is like nothing so much as a bruise, just before the inflammation has gone down and before the yellow tinge has spread.

Seeing the cloud you must go forth to await the snowstorm, for snowstorms are few and far between in these weakling winters of ours.

And so out you go to the open. The air itself has a snowy smell. It is never just like this at any other time. How long will the flakes hold up?

Far across the valley the cloud shows deep black, but you can just discern a sort of aerial fringe or curtain let down from its densest part. And there, against the dark purple-red background of the stolid, untroubled winter wood, you detect the fall of flakes.

Though there seems no wind to bear the cloud along, the fall soon reaches your standpoint, and before you realise it, you are in the midst of a bewildering shower.

The road is quickly covered, but carts at intervals mark it with dark brown ruts, and black holes are stamped in it by the horses' hoofs.

Now all sound is strangely muffled and a snow mist hides every object beyond a very few yards. At every step your heels grow higher and higher, clogged with bound and freezing snow, until at last you stop and tap heel on toe and dislodge the accumulation.

Workmen meet you, their coats a sheet of white which they shake and clear at intervals.

Carters lead their horses, now and again clearing the shoes of the snowballs that gather there.

Towards evening as the fall continues, there is fighting among the birds for the closest perches in the ivy on the wall. If you are lucky you will see a flight of wildfowl high up, making its way inland.

The first blue and glowing cloud has been replaced by a dim dead white canopy into which you try to see. But the air is filled with millions of flakes that make you blink.

Many times you shake your cap of its layer and beat your coat, but no sooner are you clear than the flakes cover you again.

On the doorstep you stamp and shake yourself and wonder, as you feel the house-warmth, how long the fall will last. To-morrow morning will show.

C. EASTON-GREY.

IN TOUCH WITH OLD PALS

THE PLEASURES OF SMALL DINING CLUBS.

In this workaday world it is often very difficult to keep in daily touch with one's best friends who are, or should be, one's oldest friends also.

Business requirements draw many men apart. They drift to opposite ends of the earth, very often, and then at long intervals that may usually be measured by years, they come across each other unexpectedly and spend a royal time talking over old times and old people and old doings.

This separation is sometimes almost as long in the case of friends living in the same city. The wider interests that occupy a man's spare time when he has left his native village—or his native street—tend to absorb his energies and he has little inclination to take a long journey into the far country represented by the unfamiliar suburb in which his pal lives, and see him there.

THE MONTHLY DINNER.

But there is a way out of this difficulty. It is a way that is very popular; much more so than you would imagine, judging from the little you hear about it.

As a matter of fact every night of the week there are such meetings as I am about to describe taking place in all the cities and towns of the country.

There is nothing like having one night a month set apart for the little dinner at an agreed restaurant, where old friends can gather together and live the old days over again and strengthen the bonds that bind them.

The plan is an admirable one. It is easily arranged. On a certain date every month two, three, four or any number of friends agree to meet and dine at a fixed place.

INFORMAL GATHERINGS.

There need be no elaborate ceremonious dressing or anything that requires special preparation; but the various members of the company just turn up at the time agreed and spend every year about a dozen of the quietest but jolliest evenings possible.

The monthly dinner ensures that you will keep in touch with all your old friends, and the little dinner will be looked upon as the event of every month, and one for which all other engagements must give way.

No great expense need be incurred. Indeed a man may well spend the price of the dinner on casual drinks or smokes on an off night.

In the case of a large number of friends, say about a dozen, or even more, it is as well to let the responsible people at the chosen restaurant know of the intended gathering.

Very frequently, for no extra cost whatever, a separate room will be set apart for the dinner. This, of course, adds to the informality and comfort of the gathering; but it is by no means necessary. Indeed there are many men who would prefer to dine in the public-room for the sake of the life and movement and the interest that one always takes in one's fellow-diners.

THE PLACE TO CHOOSE.

Call yourselves a "club," if you like, but have no other formality. Let the monthly dinner be a meeting-place where you can quit all thoughts of business, and live again, in pleasant talk, the lives you led perhaps years ago as members of the same circle of friends in a far-away homeland.

The more Bohemian the dining-place the more agreeable will the occasion prove. The quiet little restaurants, unknown to the rich and fashionable, which abound in every city, are ideal little places for such gatherings.

Here are good cooking, moderate prices



for food and drink, and a hearty personal care on the part of the host.

Hundreds of men keep these little dinners going nearly all the year round; except perhaps in the height of summer—when we have any—and during the holiday season.

A WELCOME CHANGE.

The dinner makes a complete change from the club, or the evening cycle-ride, or the gymnasium, or the diggings, or even "the girl," and it never does a man harm to join with friends round an appetising table and to drink together in good fellowship.

Perhaps you rarely meet the other members of the circle except at the periodical dinner. So much the better. It does a man good to spend an evening occasionally with friends who are not those he meets every day or even every week.

But one man must take the lead in getting the party together.

It is an idea which I heartily commend to readers of THE MODERN MAN who know the pleasures of friendship and the satisfaction in "meeting together in all kinds of weather," as the old song has it.

C. B. MARSH.

HEART-TO-HEART CHATS.

[Ever courteous, the Editor of THE MODERN MAN is laying open his columns to ladies who have anything on their minds—or on the other part of them. He has, therefore, listed the services of Mother Seagull, who will chat, for this week only, heart-to-heart with any nice girls who want to do so.]

BASHFUL BESSIE writes: Darling Mother Seagull, I have lately met such a nice young man at a skating rink, and I like him, and think (excuse my blushes) that he likes me, but he won't speak. How can I make him? I have tried dropping handkerchiefs, and all that, but it is no use. Do advise me.—Certainly, BASHFUL BESSIE. Put on a pair of nice pink stockings (with open-work) and your frilliest—er—you know; and when you are close to him, come an artistic purler. If he doesn't speak—and act—then, he's not worth worrying about.

MYRA wants to know what influence moon really has on people's destinies.—Much, MYRA, my dear, except that shooting it sometimes relieves a newly-married couple of certain difficulties in regard to collectors.

SWEET SEVENTEEN says: Claude and I have been married for quite a long time, and we want to arrange a divorce. Can you suggest a suitable co-respondent.—Certainly, my dear. Send your photograph to Mr. —, on second thoughts I had better tell you. I might put some new tax on property.

MARRIED MOLLY asks: Sweet Mother Seagull, my husband says he would do anything for me, but, somehow, his words seem to lack conviction. Can you suggest any way in which I could test his devotion?—Certainly, MARRIED MOLLY. There is one thing which excites a man to fury. (I tried it on poor old Seagull just before he left me a widow.) Ask your husband if he will let you cut your hair with his razor.

JOLLY JESSIE writes: I am so anxious to go on the stage. What is the best way of doing so?—The simplest way, JOLLY JESSIE, is to go to an agent. But you should be quite sure he is a gent—or he might try to kiss you. And that you should not allow any rate until he has given you a contract.

Your ever loving

MOTHER SEAGULL.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin.....	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge.....	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain ...	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain.....	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.

18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

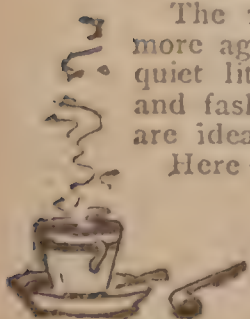
APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....



THE AMBASSADOR

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.

"Yes," said Mr. Ledbury, leaning back into the fulsome fatness of his armchair with all the abandon of a master-carpenter at his ease. "Yes, I'd go myself and get the book, only that would mean smartening myself up and putting on my best things, Tom. Besides, it'll be just a delikit snub, the way to flick 'Orace Bandle, Esquire, on the raw. 'Letters of a Somethin'-or-the-other Merchant to 'is Son' is the name of the book, Tom. And after all these years 'Orace Bandle, Esquire, 'ad the sauce—I can't call it nothink else—to himply that I am not up to educatin' my own son. Will you let 'em treat your old father like that, my boy?"

Tom Ledbury's father had been a mixed blessing to him, even more mixed as the years went on. Tom was a big young man, large-boned, and as good a railway vanman as ever coped with a railway's daily delivery of heavy goods.

"That's all right, father," he said, "I'll go."

"Yes—you go. And don't you be in a hurry to get away, either. You let 'em see you ain't impressed by 'em. When we used to be neighbours, years ago down the 'Elephant and Castle' way, well, his boy was that small at twice your age, that at three year old I'd ha' backed you to eat 'im—is Sunday sailor suit an' all. Now, 'Orace Bandle turns up 'ere to live, 'as the sauce to tell me as 'is son's passed into the Civil Service, and tops it all up by addin' that 'e'll be pleased to lend me a book by a Merchant, and another on 'What to do with our boys.' You're nineteen and 'is son's twenty-two, now. You hang about as long as you can, Tom. An', if you can get the young 'un to come outside, you pick a quarrel with 'im an' show 'im what you are made o'. Tell 'im you studied under a bloomin' boxing merchant. An' then let 'im 'ave it right an' left for insultin' your old father."

"Right," said the young man. "If there's any trouble you can rely on me to dot 'im one. But I don't see where the trouble's goin' to come in."

"Oh lord, oh lord!" said the master carpenter, "ing 'is brow. 'That I should 'ave authored 'a being. Where's the trouble comin' in? You'll make it, o' course!"

"Ow?"

Mr. Ledbury, senior, gave vent to an exaggerated sigh that was more like the spasmodic gasp of an engine toiling its way up a steep gradient.

"Aven't I ever told you in strick confidence, when your mother wasn't in 'earin', of 'ow I cut this 'Orace Bandle out in the affections o' your 'ead? 'Aven't I told you 'ow superior I was to 'im?"

"Well, I don't see what that's got to do with me."

"Oh, don't you? Why you've got to say: 'Well, thank ye for the books, Mr. Bandle. If my mother' (you'll say) 'ad thought you more handsome than my father I shouldn't ha' wanted any improvin', should I?' . . . That's what you'll say an' that'll flick 'im very nasty, you bet. It's any odds that 'e'll start a bit of a rumpus. But don't you go. You stay there an' let them go on talkin'. After they've talked an' tried to put a matter in a different light ('Orace Bandle is bound to say as 'e preferred is present wife. 'E don't do anything else), you'll 'and back the books an' say: 'Well, you seem to 'ave made such a hash of your own youth, Mr. Bandle, that I think I can manage my own affairs better on me own.' That'll finally crush 'em. And that's 'ere you'll be magnan—"

Mr. Ledbury stopped.

"Mag-nan-i-mous!" he said, in slow, deliberate accents not untinged with triumph.

"You'll say at the conclusion: 'But we'll let bygones be bygones, Mr. Bandle. Let me an' you—on George be pals, an' we'll go out together."



I remember' (you'll go on) 'that we used to knock about together as kids, an' once you gave me a tanner, Mr. Bandle. No doubt you recall it—"

"Did 'e?" asked Thomas, who was a young man who asked offensively for facts.

"Yes, 'e did. 'E's bound to remember it, 'cause I s'pose that's all 'e ever gave away in 'is life. Well, when you've said that, you've got 'em by the seat o' the breeches—abserlootly. 'Cause, if 'e is agreeable, you'll say, 'Well, I 'aven't nothin' to do now, George' (yes, that's what you'll call 'im), 'so what say for a stroll towards the Park?' . . . If 'e says 'Yes,' you'll ha' got 'im to yourself, 'cause there's plenty of streets where you can bash 'im one and start up a fair fight. On the other 'and, if they say 'No,' you can start the riot then an' there by sayin' 'Ah, you bumptious, stuck-up beggars! I can see you think me not good enough for your sassiety!'

"Then you can get to work—in the 'ouse—an' if you can break up some o' the ornaments in the 'act, do you 'do so. . . . 'Ave you got all that?"

"Yes. So long, father."

The young man made his exit, without all the exultation that his father would have liked to have seen.

But for all that, Mr. Ledbury, senior, blew clouds of smoke from his pipe with the satisfaction of a man who has done his best to vindicate the family honour.

It was some two hours later that his son returned, whistling, to find his father, oblivious of what might be passing in the outer world, sleeping the sleep that rewards the successful strategist.

"Well, 'ow did you get on?"

"Glad I was a bit smartened up," said Tom.

"Pooh! I saw that you had your best things on. Wouldn't have let you gone nohow else. They'd ha' tried to swank over you for a start. Tell us it all from the beginnin'. Don't come to the climax too quick. I like a good, true story."

"But there wasn't any beginnin'. Went to the door. Knocked. It was Mr. Bandle's son that opened it. 'Oh, I expect you're Mr. Ledbury,' he said. 'That's me,' says I. 'Well, father's gone out,' says he. 'He thought we young chaps should get on better by ourselves. Come through to the little gym. I've rigged up at the back,' he says, 'I've got a brand new set o' boxin' gloves, and we might try 'em together. You look as if you might be a useful hand at the game,' he says, 'and father thought that bein' old neighbours we might pal up and practise together.' . . . And we did 'ave a sportin' time—"

"Huh!" said Mr. Ledbury crossly.

"Wish I'd taken the trouble to put on my best togs and come with you myself!"

HOW WE TRAVEL.

MISTAKES THAT LEAD TO DISCOMFORT AND BAD TEMPER.

Work for the day was over and there was a short interval during which, according to custom, we hung about in view of the bare possibility of further business before actual closing time.

The late man had just returned from his holiday and we, with our own vacations in the far and almost forgotten past, were thinking how lucky he was to be only then returning.

"But I almost think," he broke in, "that I'd sooner give up my holiday altogether than go through the getting there and back."

This was like a red rag to some of us, and we were soon in the thick of argument about the pleasures and pains of railway travelling.

It was obvious that for some the pain was the only feature, while to others the pleasures predominated; were, in short, the only ingredients, so to speak, of travelling. I was not in the least surprised to see that the supporters of railway travelling as a pleasure were in a decided minority.

The whole argument was going ill with our side, though, as we claimed, only on the score of numbers, when there came to our rescue one of the old hands of the staff, a man who had been about the home and foreign worlds probably to a greater extent in mere mileage than all the rest of us put together.

"The truth is," he said with something of the gravity of omniscience, "that all of you chaps still regard railway traveling as people regarded it thirty and forty years ago. Your chief fault is that you let the train hustle you. The mention of a train journey to some of you is enough to put you out of breath twenty-four hours before the train starts."

"Although you know to a second when the train leaves, you get into a fever of anxiety, lest you lose it, and when you delay starting to catch it till it is hopeless to do so, you curse the train and the people who run it, for their confounded punctuality."

"You often lose it, and when this happens, you saunter round for three-quarters of an hour, hardly knowing whether you are on your head or on your heels. Then, when there's hardly time to drink a glass of water in comfort before the next train starts, you suddenly think of having a good meal."

"This you cram down with a sudden realisation that 'there's just a quarter of an hour.' You don't enjoy it; you hardly taste it; you rush it down with a tankard of ale, and give yourselves violent indigestion."

"Then you scramble up, throw down a coin, and in your hurry give the waiter about three times as much as you intended and six times as much as he deserved; and you bolt across the platform into a carriage that is already inconveniently full of other people."

"In ten minutes you are in an uncomfortable drowsy stupor, your limbs cramped and your head nodding. And so you sit wedged for a run of eighty miles until somebody gets out and you can move for the first time in an hour and a half."

"That's not the way to travel," he concluded.

We thought not, too, but in view of the fact that the cap fitted so many of us we were disinclined to dispute the accuracy of this narrative.

"Now the way to set about a long railway journey," he continued, as we all fell a-listening again, "is this—"

But at this moment the army of charwomen swooped down upon us, and one of them began to raise such a furious dust that we fled into the street.

H. M. EVERETT.

LONG GREY FIELDS.

PORTIONS OF OUR COUNTRYSIDE WORTH EXPLORING.

It is remarkable how little traversed is the larger part of every English county. When you come to think of it, there are very few of us who ever leave the beaten track.

The inclination to stray, to go far afield off the main roads is not often indulged.

For one thing, we are a law-abiding people, and we have a wholesome dislike of doing anything that may bring a shouting keeper or an irate farmer tearing after us, bellowing threats and penalties at the top of his voice, and vowing that he will "have the law on us."

To be so rudely disturbed in one's afternoon wanderings is not conducive to enjoyment. It is disturbing and unrestful to have to argue or apologise, or clear off the land at short notice and by the quickest route.

There are times when the shortest and quickest route, as the advertising people say, is useful and even enjoyable, but this is not one of them.

Moreover, it is even more unpleasant to have an angry dog at our heels. A dog cannot always distinguish between a harmless wanderer, out for his pleasure and to harm no one and do no damage to property, and a scurvy knave who is after hen-roosts and their contents.

These things do happen—but very, very seldom, and the bare possibility of their occurrence need deter no man from essaying to strike across country and break new ground.

Roads and footpaths are soon traversed in every district, but there are always vast areas of untrodden fields, stretching between main road and main road, that are practically unknown lands to the walker and nature lover.

Just now, when the days are just beginning to lengthen and when the infrequent glimpses of sunshine are worth a king's ransom, these fields attract one with remarkable persistence.

They are the haunts of the vast flocks of winter birds whose movements on the ground and in the air may be followed closely.

The amount of wild life that can be watched is enormous. No nature lover with his eyes open need feel bored for an instant when far out of sight of village or road, and surrounded on every hand by the long grey fields whose very stillness is fascinating.

Here man seldom travels. The cowman now and again comes along with the cattle to strange pastures, the shepherd and his dog are sometimes met; but for the most part the land lies silent and content, with a life and an atmosphere all its own.

It is easier than the uninitiated would suppose to lose one's bearings out in these expanses of similar fields, each bounded by tall bramble hedges with elms at intervals towering up.

Turning from field to field by gate and gap and trackway, it is easy to get thoroughly mixed up as to the point of the compass; and only the sun, when visible, will help as a guide.

But these long grey fields are at their best on those still days when a uniform dull-hued cloud covering obscures the sun.

There is no visible break in the clouds; all is of one hue and of one density, and the fields seem to wake into life on such days.

And when evening draws on the loneliness grows intense.

Cattle desert the grass and seek the distant spinneys, blue mists gather round the hedges, white gauzy mists rise over the open ground—and a fireside and a cup of tea seem the most desirable

things on earth;
M. BRUCE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

CONGRATULATIONS.

I am happy to be able to announce that the offer I have made in regard to shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., has proved most successful. Many of my new partners, in sending their applications for shares, have favoured me with very kind letters, congratulating me on the enterprise and novelty of the scheme, and thanking me for the opportunity I am now offering to all readers of sharing in the full profits of this business.

SMALL SHARE-HOLDERS WELCOMED.

Several readers have asked me what is the minimum investment that can be made in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., in order to obtain the advantage of my offer of Deferred Shares.

The minimum number of shares that can be allotted to any subscriber is five, which cost, fully-paid, 10s., but, in order to avail yourself of the special offer I am now making, it is necessary for you to purchase at least ten 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares, which cost you, fully-paid, £1. If you apply for these I shall be very happy to present you with one £1 Deferred Share, free of all cost, and without any further liability whatsoever on your part.

If you have not yet taken a financial interest in the paper, I give you the straight tip to do so at once, as there are not very many shares still available. For your convenience, I again print an application form on Page 15.

Once more I would impress upon you that the shares you apply for have to be fully paid on application. That is to say, you pay 2s. for each 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Share for which you apply, and, when you have paid the 2s., there is no further liability whatsoever on your part in regard either to the Cumulative Ordinaries, or to the Deferred Shares which I am giving away to my new partners.

FROM A SHY MAN.

Business first. We can now turn to other matters.

There lies before me a letter from a Glasgow reader, who says:

"Can you give me any cure for nervousness, if it is really nervousness that I am suffering from?"

"The fact is, that whenever I get into the company of girls I feel ridiculously shy, and make a terrible ass of myself. Sometimes my face turns a rosy pink all over, and I don't know what to say or what to do. I feel very ridiculous, because I know the girls are laughing at me. Is there any cure?"

My reader does not state his age, but I imagine he must be rather young, for otherwise he would have learned before now that the sort of uneasiness of which he speaks is due entirely to self-consciousness, and very often to self-conceit.

If a man has a tremendous idea of his own importance he suffers a good deal when people laugh at him. If, on the other hand, he has learned one of the most important lessons of life—namely, that of taking things as you find them—he is not in any way upset by being laughed at, but joins most heartily in the laughter he has aroused.

A CAMP EPISODE.

As so many readers have expressed interest in my own personal experiences, I venture to recount one of them which may be of interest to others as well as to my Glasgow reader.

It happened at our last camp, and the episode is one with which I do not think Mr. Garratt is likely to deal. It was Sports' Day, and one of the events was a bare-backed race, the conditions being that competitors rode bare-backed for half-a-mile, dis-

mounted and lit one of the cigarettes which were strewn upon the table at the turning point, mounted again, and rode back to the starting-place with the cigarette still aglow.

I knew something of the difficulties to be surmounted in such a competition, and, anyone who has entered a similar contest will agree, the chief trouble was the mounting. You might travel at great speed to the table where the cigarettes lay, and you might travel at great speed from that point back to the starting place, but if you wasted five minutes in remounting your horse, you could scarcely expect to win, and mounting a big horse without a saddle is not easy.

The horse I was riding at camp stood about sixteen hands, and he was rather nervous and excitable. I knew that if I used him in the race he would give me endless trouble. Mounting after I had lit the cigarette, for I would be excited. I therefore decided to dispense with him altogether for this event, and to borrow another horse which stood only fourteen hands in height, and which was one of the quietest and slowest beasts I ever had a man's legs put across him.

The other competitors at the start had considerable difficulty in mounting, for remember that the event was a bare-backed one, but I got on as easily as could be wished for. Difficulties started when it came to persuading my mount to make headway towards the table and the cigarettes. Remember that I had never ridden him before, and I had no idea as to his views regarding speed.

One of the conditions of the race was that competitors should not wear spurs, and should not carry a whip.

I dug my heels into him, but he appeared to know instinctively that they were unarmed. I whacked him with the flat of my hand, but even that persuasion, administered with all the strength of my arm, was only sufficient to get him to trot.

As those of my readers who are interested in horsemanship know, it is quite easy and comfortable to ride a horse bare-backed when he canter or gallops, but it is, to say the least of it, most unpleasant when he trots. The brute trotted with me right from the starting place to the turning point. He jolted me, my service cap tilted over on to the back of my head, and threatened to come off.

THE SPECTATORS.

The men of the regiment who had not entered for the race were lined up to watch the racking brute.

I reached the turning point, got off, lit a cigarette, and trotted back in the same tensely uncomfortable manner to the starting place.

I believe that that horse was the slowest one entered for this particular event, in spite of that fact, I was the third to reach the winning-post, for the others were bungled in the matter of remounting, as the brute I was riding stood as still as a stone, waiting for me, and gave me not the slightest trouble in the matter of getting to him again.

Even while I have been dictating this episode, I have not been able to prevent myself from laughing, and I remember that the time I laughed most heartily during the race. Some people might call this thick-skinned, but I consider it simply due to the fact that I have the comfortable habit of seeing humour in most things, and I venture to suggest to my Glasgow reader that he acquired the same characteristic he will find life much more pleasant.

YOUR EDITOR
Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A NIGHT DRIVE THROUGH STRANGE COUNTRY IN THE DARKNESS.

It was lately my lot to visit a country house situated at a considerable distance from a railway station.

I had come North from London, and all the way up, during the best part of a day's journey, I had been forming imaginary pictures of the new people I was to meet, and the new surroundings into which I was at the end of the day to take a plunge in the dark.

It was well towards eight at night when, after many changes, I stepped out with a rug over my arm and a bag in my hand on to the platform.

At once the effect of new surroundings began to tell; the air was new to me; the character of the little station, the voices of the porter and the stationmaster who ran the place between them—all these were new to me with a newness that cannot be put into words.

What struck me as the most impressive fact was that the station seemed to be the centre of a little life in a wild, black, even plain of country. Scarcely a light was to be seen outside the range of the signal posts.

Not a soul seemed to be there to meet me, and I was about to inquire where I could get a conveyance when from the outer darkness I heard the grating of wheels. The next minute a smart man, in all outward appearance a groom, or at least one who lived much with horses, was coming towards me.

Yes, I was the gentleman he was to meet. We put a trunk up behind in the smart little trap, wrapped a rug around us, and set off into the inkiest abyss of darkness I had ever known.

Looking back on that night and the impressions I gained in that forty minutes' drive in the dark, and comparing them with the place as I know it now, I can see two distinct and totally different pictures—the imaginary and the real.

Has it ever struck you how darkness transforms a landscape? The most broken and diversified country assumes a flat, monotonous aspect, and, all around, the low horizon seems but a few yards ahead.

It was thus on this night of strange impressions. At first on leaving the station I had tried to remember the road, and followed our course with care, but after a couple of turns or so, and the incessant grinding of the wheels on the road, dry and gritty after heavy rains, the task became impossible.

Even the road itself was invisible, except about the horse's hoofs, where the light shed a faint light.

Now and then a gleam from the lamps would throw up the overspreading branches of some great tree, and one could look into an even deeper blackness in the woods behind it.

The road, as all roads do to those who are unfamiliar with them, seemed to turn and twist with many useless wanderings, and we seemed to be getting farther and farther from all human habitations.

These sensations were working their will on my tired brain, and the trap seemed to be going on for ever, when at last I was recalled to practical affairs by a sudden slowing-up almost to a stop.

Then, in the lamplight, first a white gate-post and then a long white gate standing back against evergreen shrubs, told me that at last we had turned off the high road.

One more bend in the drive and the lights of a many-windowed house glimmered a welcome and a promise of warmth.

It was a sheer delight, a little later, to traverse this same road by daylight, and to marvel at the strangeness that darkness throws over the land.

G. L. FORTESCUE.

SPORTING STORIES



NO IMMEDIATE PROSPECTS.

The cyclist returned to the farmer the glass from which he had refreshed himself.

"Do you remember," he asked, "how, years and years ago, there came to your house, a poor boy, hungry and ragged?"

"I do," said the farmer. "I remember him well."

"You fed him and clothed him, and sent him on his way with a good heart," said the cyclist, "and he promised that if ever he made money he would repay you most handsomely."

"That's what he said," said the farmer, "but how do you know? Have you met him?"

"I met him only the other day," said the cyclist, "and he asked me to give you a message."

"Yes, yes," said the farmer. "I can guess what it is, but all I did was done without any thought of reward. What was his message?"

"He asked me to tell you," said the cyclist, "that he was still poor."

NOT FOR PERSONAL USE.

The razor penetrated the cheek of the barber's victim, and the barber, seeing what had happened, became nervous, and his hand shook. Therefore the gash became pretty large.

We could tell the next part of the story in quotation marks, but we hardly like to do so, for it concerns what the barber's victim said to the barber, and the things he said, and the way he said them, were rather too much to the point to suit the morals of our righteous printers.

"Don't be so angry, sir," said the barber, during a slight pause in the storm. "With a little collodion I can easily mend the cut, and you won't feel any pain."

The victim suggested that the barber should do certain things with the pain, but again our printers would not put his remarks into type. He added a few comments as to the barber's ancestry, and then his language became sufficiently chaste for our pages.

"It isn't the pain, you idiot," he said, "that I am worrying about, but this afternoon I've got to take the chair at a shareholders' meeting of a safety razor company!"

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

The man who was partaking of a 1s. 6d. table d'hôte lunch (a second helping of any course without extra charge) was as fastidious as might be expected. The soup was not to his liking, and he summoned the manager and complained. The fish was equally bad in his opinion, and again he

summoned the manager. The beef was not up to the mark, and again he summoned the manager. When he came to the cheese and the bread-and-butter he summoned the manager once more.

"Do you call this butter?" he demanded. "I'd sooner have axle grease."

There was a limit even to the manager's Teutonic endurance.

"William," he said to the waiter, "just ask the liftman to give you some of his axle grease for this gentleman."

ASSISTING HER.

Trouble had been brewing for a long time, and things were now approaching a crisis.

"I'd leave you," she said, "I'd leave you to-morrow if it were not for the poor dear children."

With admirable unselfishness he did his best to help her.

"There's just the possibility," he said, "that my people might take them."

But even this suggestion did not please her.

A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION.

"I would have you understand," said the gentleman who stood on the tail-board of a cart with a flaring paraffin lamp in front of him, "that I am not selling these medicines for money. I am simply doing it because I want to benefit humanity. The small price that I shall ask of you is merely to prevent my medicines being experimented with by those who are not in need of them. I have no need for money, for I am a man of wealth. I am a connoisseur. My house is full of Rembrandts."

"Ain't there no way of killing them off?" asked a voice in the crowd.

And the gentleman with the cart and the flare light thought it best to move to the next street corner.

Dr. Birley's Phosphorus Compounds TREAT YOUR NERVES AS WELL AS YOUR COMPLAINT.

PLAIN SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS. The basis of all Dr. Birley's preparations. A Vitalising, sustaining Food and life-giving element for all Nervous Affections from whatever cause—Worry, Late Hours, Overwork. Remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving Headache, Sleeplessness, Loss of Memory, Brain Fag, Faintness, Trembling, Giddiness, and those vague and undefined nervous symptoms of Neurasthenia, viz., Over-Sensitiveness, Lassitude, Ill-Temper, Vague Fears, Depression, Morbid Forebodings, Irritability, Restlessness, and General Nervous Debility and Inability to Concentrate the Mind. Of Great Value to all (of either sex) engaged in mental and nerve-trying occupations. A short occasional course keeps the Brain and Nerves strengthened and fortified, and prevents nervous troubles. Should be taken whenever the system needs help. Do not wait for an actual breakdown before using.

IRONISED SPECIAL REMEDY for Muscular and General Debility, Weak Heart, Paralysis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache and Kidney Weakness, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsy. Of great value as a restorative after "Influenza" or any debilitating illness.

SUB-IRONISED Specially prepared for Ladies and Delicate Persons instead of the "Ironised." For Debility of the Muscular and General System, and when "Below Par," and for Bright's Disease, Mumps, Varicose Veins, Anæmia, Poverty of Blood, Lack of Colour, Maternity Weakness. Of especial value for "backward" children.

BRONCHIAL SPECIAL REMEDY for Coughs, Bronchitis, Bronchial Catarrh, Sore Throat, Wheeziness, Old-Age Coughs, Night Coughs, Throat and Chest Weakness. Exceptionally valuable also in safely removing Children's Coughs. Contains no narcotics nor anything injurious. It strengthens the NERVES and tones up the whole body at the same time. Should be persevered with for a short while after the ailment is cured because of its tonic properties.

GASTRIC SPECIAL REMEDY for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Stomach and Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nausea, &c., &c. Tones up the Digestive Organs, and increases their natural powers of digesting foods by strengthening the NERVES that control digestion.

ANTI-STIPATIO SPECIAL REMEDY for Chronic Constipation, Flatulence, Piles, Spasms, Pro-lapsus Ani, &c. This is not a purgative, but restores natural action by strengthening the muscular contractile power of the bowels. Any of these compounds may be given to children with absolute safety.

1/1½ (3ozs.), 2/9 (9ozs.), 4/6 (16ozs.). (All kinds.)

Dr. Birley's Phosphorus Compounds are sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores, and by Boots, Taylor's, Parke's, Lewis & Burrows, Timothy White's, &c., or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., LTD., 10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

STRAP-HANGING AS AN EXERCISE.

When a man gets into a crowded underground railway carriage or tramcar and is forced to stand for the greater part of his journey, he usually looks upon it as an unmitigated nuisance.

As a matter of fact, if he only knew it, he is getting a little very wholesome exercise, of a kind which he would not have thought of taking for its own sake.

With every jolt of the car he has to tense the muscles of his arm and shoulder to keep himself erect, and even his legs are kept busy.

Though I do not suggest that you should "strap-hang" when there are seats vacant—for you might be regarded as a harmless lunatic—it may be comforting to remember these facts when you have had to resign your seat to a lady who never said "Thank you!" or when the railway company has provided just half the necessary accommodation.

FOR THE LEG MUSCLES.

A splendid exercise for the larger muscles of the leg is that here illustrated.

Stand erect, with the feet planted about eighteen inches apart, and not, as in a former exercise, with the heels together.



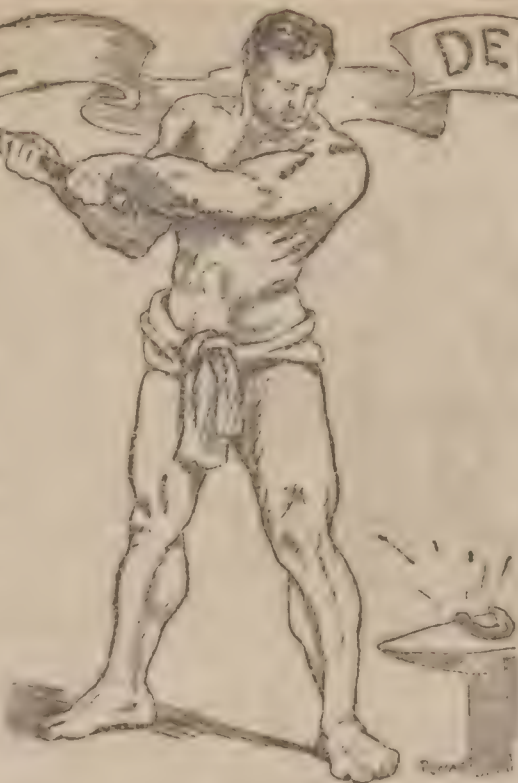
Keep the body erect.

Place the tips of the fingers at the back of the head, and keep the arms in line with the shoulders.

Now rise on the toes and lower the body slowly, keeping it quite erect, by bending the knees, until you have sunk as low as possible without losing your balance.

To get the full benefit, and to ensure its being done smartly, the exercise should be done in four distinct motions.

1. Rise on the toes.
 2. Bend the legs.
 3. Straighten the legs.
 4. Sink on the heels.
- Repeat these movements about ten times.



WHEN YOU ARE RUN DOWN.

There are times in the life even of the most ardent physical culturist when he feels a little "below par" or "run down," or whatever you like to call it. He is not actually ill, and he could not say that any special thing is the matter with him, but he feels tired without sufficient cause, and listless, and he is easily worried.

At these times the only thing to do is to "molly-coddle" yourself for a day or two. It is when you are feeling run down that you are especially liable to catch a chill or to take any infec-

tious illness that may be in the air, and at this time of year the influenza germ is continually hovering over us, waiting an opportunity to strike.

It is a mistake to suppose that an extra dose of physical exercise will put you right. It is advisable rather to reduce the amount of exercise until your former vigour returns.

But do not knock off altogether. A single day's rest may occasionally be beneficial, but if you are accustomed to regular exercise, the sudden complete cessation of it for a longer period will only prove harmful.

Be particularly careful as to diet when your system is run down, and eat only those foods which are calculated to build up strength.

Plenty of meat and solid flesh-forming food will enable you to withstand the risks to which you may be exposed.

Above all, avoid draughts or loitering about in the open air. Wear an overcoat when you go out, and if you take a hot bath, only do so immediately before going to bed.

It does not come naturally to a normally healthy man to take all these precautions, but if you would avoid the risk of a serious illness, it is worth while doing so, however distasteful they may be.

But with ordinary healthy living and physical

culture, these times when a man is "run down" should be very few and far between. They are too often caused by worry, and a strong man can reduce worry to a minimum.

FOR THE SIDE MUSCLES.

For this exercise a small chair or footstool is necessary; or, failing this, a bench or a table will do.

Stand erect about eighteen inches to the left of it, and then place the left foot on it, keeping the leg unbent.

The height of the footstool should be just sufficient to allow the right leg to remain perpendicular.

Now extend both arms vertically above the head, and bend the trunk slowly to the right.

Pause a second when you have gone as far to the right as possible without losing your balance, and then return slowly to the perpendicular.

Practise this about half-a-dozen times, and then place the right foot on the footstool, and repeat the exercise in exactly the same way, always bending away from the footstool.

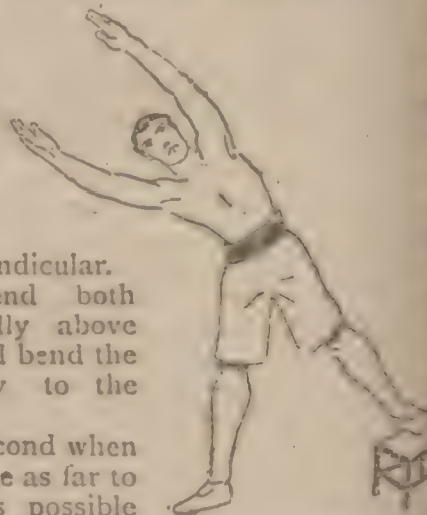
POLE-JUMPING.

One very rarely finds a pole-jumping competition included in the programme of an athletic sports meeting—at any rate in the South of England.

As a form of physical exercise, if the object is to develop as many muscles as possible at one time, it has few equals, and the heights that can be attained with the aid of a pole are astonishing.

It is very good sport and capital exercise to carry a pole with you on a cross-country run, and try your hand at clearing ditches and other obstacles that come in your way.

But whether you take it up in this casual way or whether you go in for it more seriously, I recommend pole-jumping to my readers as a most useful sport and exercise.



Bend always away from the footstool.

ASTON'S CHALLENGES

My system of training has proved so remarkably successful that it has enabled me to challenge Thomas Inch for the Heavy-weight Championship of Great Britain; Clarence Weber for the Heavy-weight Championship of the British Empire; Herman Saxen for the World's Middle-weight Championship; and to easily break World's Records in my recent match with Maxick. For free particulars of this remarkable system of physical culture, ask for a copy of my book, "Physical Culture," and get it at once.

EDWARD ASTON, Physical Culture Specialist, Dept. M.M., 52, LAMONT ROAD, CHELSEA, LONDON.

After your business try a

MUSTARD BATH

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD

Modern Music-Halls

HUMOUR IS REPLACING FARCE.

Late years have seen vast changes and improvements in the English music-halls, but the point most usually ignored is the difference in the artistes themselves. To-day, antagonistic elements are fighting for supremacy on the variety boards. Almost imperceptibly the old style of comedian is making way for a new style of humorist. The "old woman with the gin bottle" is slowly passing, while a quieter yet deeper humour is strengthening its hold.

PERSONALITY AND SUCCESS.

Personality still saves many of the old school, who still meet with success from their older methods, but each new artiste who comes to the front is either of the quiet type, or has something entirely original and new to present. Indeed, personality is the secret of any successes.

One hears, on every hand, the man who has heard Harry Lauder deploring the success of that comedian. He hears "I Love a Scotchman" on a gramophone; maybe he hears an "impersonator" attempting to roll out great one's songs. "Rotten" is this man's defect—until he hears the famous Scot. Then his personality triumphs, and yet another pair of joins in the thunderous applause.

The Bard is the most notable of the quiet type. Some people, I believe, are excessively bored with his performance, but the way in which the man sticks to his post and draws out nonsense with an occasional dash of something really funny is quite as amusing as the quick-firing of a brisk patter.

WHAT IS WANTED.

Music-hall audiences demand originality in song and in dress. If a man is guilty of copying another's methods he will get but scant appreciation of his efforts.



Thus comedians specialise in their own quaint little ways and in their own style. No one but George Robey could enter the stage and say "Cease," "Behave," or "Pause"; none but Mark Sheridan could be roared at for swinging an ungainly stick about and bellowing "Curse the Rubber Market."

THE LACK OF NEW STARS

That original costume still "tells" is proved by the popularity of "One of the B'hoys."

While many of the older school are, unhappily, "going under," the number of really successful new stars is surprisingly small. On the comedienne side this is even more noticeable. To whom can we look when the unhappy day arrives when Marie Lloyd is no longer on the boards to raise shrieks from the gallery, guffaws from the pit, grins from the stalls, and half-suppressed chuckles from the old colonels in the boxes?

B. ATHLONE.

THE HUMBLE SNOB.

A TYPE THAT SOME OF US KNOW ONLY TOO WELL.

It is sometimes declared that the snob is only to be found where money, position, and influence abound. Here and now I emphatically deny that assertion, and, if necessary, I can produce all too many "horrible examples" to the contrary.

The snob with money is bad enough, in all conscience, but the snob without it is infinitely worse. He seems to have no excuse at all.

Strangely enough, the humble snob, the creature who has never had the manliness to look straight and fearlessly at life's truth and life's facts, abounds in the country. The town is comparatively free of him, thank goodness.

His only standard of judgment is the money standard. A big house, a blustering manner, a swaggering gait, the possession of a motor-car—each and all of these secure his sycophantic subservency, his abject obeisance.

He will fawn upon the man he believes to be powerful.

Conversely, he will be cruelly itself to any whom he thinks incapable of retaliation.

To him a "gentleman" is one who shows signs of the possession of a thousand a year, or more. To such he is the toady, the doormat, and even to be sworn at by such an one were better than a word of good fellowship from one of the masses.

He is the fly in the ointment that causes the "stinking odour." He corrupts and destroys the chance of neighbourly relations.

One can only feel a contempt for his complete nobbiness and give him as wide a berth as possible.

He has immense dignity when he thinks it will have an effect upon his audience, but he will grovel on his belly when the great ones of the earth make use of him.

A cringing, despicable fellow, and yet one we all have to endure at times.

F. WHITE.

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share for each 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Share allotted to me.

Name in full.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

Profession or Occupation.....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911.

All applications should be addressed to the Secretary, THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

THE CHARM OF MESS LIFE

HOW THE ARMY OFFICER LIVES IN BARRACKS.

Once you have lived in an Army mess, no other form of existence quite comes up to it.

Even in the jolliest of clubs there is not the intimacy, the sense of "home" that there is in a mess. Indeed, after a few months you come to regard the mess as your real home, with which even the parental roof is not to be compared.

You grow strangely attached to the mess trophies, the big arm-chairs—I am talking of the days when the furniture belonged to the mess—the mess sergeant is a personal friend, and as I say the mess is in every way your home.

NO SHAM.

One of the charms of mess life is the absence of sham. Everybody knows what everybody else's income is. If you are a poor man, you need not conceal the fact. Nobody thinks any the worse of you if you drink beer instead of wine and substitute a pipe for cigars.

Then a mess is a republic. True, seniority must at all times be respected, but in a happy mess you are a band of men and brothers.

Of course, there are unhappy messes divided into cliques, but as a rule a mess is a commonwealth. The harmony which prevails is really rather wonderful, for remember you have some twenty men, ranging in age from nineteen or so, to over forty, living together day in day out, often year after year.

Yet quarrels are rare and friction conspicuous by its absence. You learn to give and take, it is impressed upon you that you are not the only pebble on the beach, and you learn to avoid other people's corns and not to squeal when your own are trodden on.

COMFORT AND INFORMALITY.

Seniors and subalterns sit next each other at dinner, and that reminds me that meals are not the least delightful part of mess life.

Breakfast is an informal meal. Your servant, when he brings in your tub, also brings the breakfast menu, and you order what you like and say when you will have it.

You stroll into the big mess-room to be greeted with a chorus of "Mornin', old chap." You chaff McToddy who has got a "head," and is cocking his eye at a poached egg—the appearance of which apparently displeases him. You comment on the gluttony of Tomlinson who, after porridge, fish, eggs, and bacon, is howling for sausages. You envy Smithson, who, arrayed in pink, is off for a day's hunting. You pass the time of day with Jackson, who got back late the night before from leave. The soft-footed waiter puts the silver dishes in front of you, and the spotless napery, gleaming silver, and roaring fire all add to your comfort and appetite. You feel good.

LUNCH AND TEA.

Lunch also is an informal meal. The side-board is covered with hot and cold dishes, and you wait on yourself. There is chaff and talk flying about the morning's happenings and plans for the afternoon. It is a pleasant meal and just one glass of port completes your satisfaction with yourself and the world in general.

Between three and five the ante-room is more or less deserted, but it begins to fill up about tea time, when the waiters are kept busy bringing in relays of muffins and crumpets. Visitors drop in to be overwhelmed with invitations to imbibe, the whist tables are put out, and with talk, reading or play the time passes swiftly till the first mess bugle sends you away to dress.



Mess, that is dinner, is a more formal meal, but still you can sit where you like, and once the after-dinner wine has been passed round all restrictions are removed.

The talk may not be brilliant—friends do not fire off epigrams at each other—but it is cordial, good-humoured, and bright. There is no affectation, you can be yourself, and you are as much your own master as if you were in your own house.

YOUR OWN MASTER.

That is another of the charms of mess life. Although you are one of a crowd, yet you preserve your individuality. You have a right to lead your own life, and to consult your own tastes, so long as you take a reasonable share in the general life of the mess. You are a part proprietor of the mess and with all the privileges such a position carries.

It is difficult to explain just what I mean, but I am driving at the fact that the very openness of mess life makes for individual privacy.

There being no secrets, there is no prying, and a man in a mess has really far more privacy than a civilian in his own home. After dinner there is whist or round games for small stakes, or billiards, but here again you may do as you like. You can read the papers or just sit and chat, the only thing you must not do is to go to sleep.

CHAFF, SYMPATHY, AND HELP.

Of course, on guest nights you must take your share in entertaining the visitors, but ordinarily your time is your own.

In quarters the life is delightfully free. You ramble into each other's rooms at all times of day or night, borrow each other's belongings, or exchange confidences over the fire.

Your family affairs are as much the regiment's as your own. You read bits from home letters, and let the regiment have the news from your part of the world.

If you fall in love, the regiment knows it, and alternately laughs at and sympathises with you.

If you are in trouble, grief I mean, quiet sympathy is forthcoming.

If you have made an ass of yourself, the mess sits in council on you and finds a way out for you—if you are worth it.

The married ladies take a motherly or sisterly interest in you. The officer's wife—of the right sort—is the most charming of women.

For one thing she has no need to put on

"frills." Her husband's income is perfectly well known, and she can afford to be naturally secure in her social position.

In a happy mess there is a wonderful spirit of camaraderie which permeates the whole regiment. The men are your friends, they know all about you, and this familiarity happily does not breed contempt.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

The mess is virile. There is nothing puerile about it. You are men, and you understand one another. Yet though you are men you are just all boys together, and the mess keeps you young in heart, when you grow a bit stiff in the joints.

I feel that I have failed to describe the charm of mess life, but perhaps it is too good to be put into words. Once you have lived it, however, you never forget it, and all kinds of life seem flat, stale, and unprofitable.

All said and done, mess life is essentially simple and natural, and perhaps that is the secret of its fascination.

MANAGING A FIRE.

A fire is one of those things which everybody supposes that he or she alone can manage properly.

You see another man poking a fire or piling coal on, and you feel an irresistible desire to tell him that he is not doing it in the proper way.

Opinions in regard to the management of a fire are as many as there are people, but the fact is fairly well established, and that is that warmth and economy do not go hand in hand. If you want a fire to throw out heat, you poke it up, and if you poke it, the coal is consumed more rapidly than would be the case if the fire were left to smoulder.

The construction of the grate is almost always observing. Some grates are fitted with a damper, and if this is blocking the flues stands to reason that you will not get the fire to burn.

CHAFF.

The capacity of taking chaff well is more than anything else to popularity. It is almost as essential that a man who mixes with other men should possess the capacity that a boxer should be able to take "gruel" cheerfully.

But much depends on the way the chaff is given, and there is one golden rule that should always be observed when chaffing a man—keep off the truth. There are men who can stand chaff, however near the truth it comes, but they are few and far between, and men are touched on the raw by chaff that is too close a relation to fact.

It is all right to chaff a testotaller about his bibulous propensities or an Intern about being no good at football, but the same remark to a man who knows he sometimes takes more than is good for him or to one who has just missed getting a cap, and you overstep the bounds of good taste.

When you are the object of chaff, the proper plan is often to agree cordially with what is said, libellous or impossible statements excepted.

Repartee needs to be really smart if it is worth firing off, and it must come spontaneously, but to agree with everything that is said will only disarm your tormentors.

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SPORTSMEN ONE AND ALL.

We print below a further list of members of THE MODERN MAN League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, so that the roll may be kept up to date. A supplementary list, containing all necessary corrections and additions, will be published later. A form of application for membership, giving particulars of the badges issued to members, will be found on another page.

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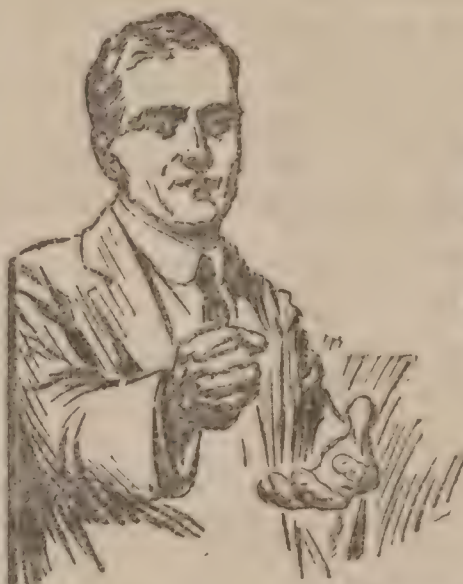
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" 16th ...	£344,120	" 13th ...	£390,510	" 9th ...	£430,030
" 23rd ...	£347,330	" 20th ...	£393,710	" 16th ...	£432,260
" 30th ...	£350,680	" 27th ...	£396,360	" 23rd ...	£433,600
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" 13th ...	£355,960	" 10th ...	£401,710	Dec. 7th ...	£418,690
" 20th ...	£359,010	" 17th ...	£404,510	" 14th ...	£440,530
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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

TALKING BUSINESS.

Whatever line of business a man is in it is most necessary for him to have some knowledge of how to talk business. It is not only the principal of the firm, but even if you are not actually in the business by word of mouth, you may have to talk business on paper. Its catalogues, its advertisements, even its correspondence—have a more widespread influence than the traveller or personal representative.

It is essential, therefore, that this literature should be clearly expressed, in good English, and that it should be interesting reading. A dull catalogue has as little chance of success as a dull book or a dull paper, for though existing customers may perhaps take the trouble to wade through it when they are requiring some particular article, it will not attract new customers, nor will it persuade the old ones to buy something of which they are not actually in need.

At a recent New York business exhibition I was interested to note that more than one business was represented where the art of talking was specially and systematically taught. This is one of the points in which American enterprise is ahead of us, for in this country one only learns to talk business by experience, or, at least, as an incidental.

It is not an art which comes naturally to most men. Tact is, of course, the primary essential, and a certain amount of secretive-ness is another. It is far better to say too little than to blurt out too much. In business men are enemies—friendly enemies—and the thing to cultivate is the faculty of concealing from the man you are dealing with any-thing which you do not want him to know, without his guessing that you have anything up your sleeve. At the same time, of course, you want to get as much out of him as you can without his knowing it.

The great secret of successfully talking business is to get the right man at the right time, and to approach him in the right way. The right man is usually the principal when he is accessible, or he may be a buyer or manager; but he should at all events be capable of actually transacting business with you on his own authority.

Then again, you must size your man up, and play up to them.

As for the right time, the moment to seize when your man is in a good temper—either when he has just brought off a good deal or when he has had a good lunch. More business can be done over the lunch-table than you can imagine. Business gossip may put you in possession of facts that you would never have got if you had asked for them in the way you learn something about his own personality, which may give you useful clues as to how to deal with him. He may be a very quiet person to approach in his office because he has adopted a business mask that cannot be penetrated until you catch him off his guard at the end of business hours.

S. T. YOUNG.



FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinion he may express.—EDITOR.)

A WARNING.

In the financial column (in the issues of January 1 and 8) of a well-known Sunday paper, the writer in referring to the South African market, makes the following statement: "The public will be given fair opportunities to get in on advantageous terms and participate from the start in a movement which is likely to assume International dimensions."

I do not know what authority the writer has for making the statement—in two issues of the paper—but I sincerely hope he is right, as it will be the first occasion that the big South African Houses have given the public a fair chance.

However, I personally have not much faith in the coming South African boom, and if the public are let in on the "ground floor," I am afraid there will only be two storeys to the structure—and one will be the cellar.

MY TIPS.

If there is going to be a boom on the Stock Exchange it ought to be in the Rubber market, where the investors' prospects are far more promising than in the most successful gold mine—and without the risk.

I trust many of my readers took the advice contained in this column in the issue of December 31 last, wherein I advised a purchase of Mexican Railway Stocks, National Railroads of Mexico shares, and Camp Birds, all of which have risen considerably since.

Although the quotation shows no alteration, Way-Halim shares have been in considerable demand in the "House," and as the end of the financial year approaches the price will improve.

TRANSATLANTIC STOCKS.

At the time of writing I think Yankees are quite high enough; as, notwithstanding the enormous harvest, trade in America is not good—according to my advices from Chicago.

Canadian Pacifics have had a nice rise on the increase of the dividend to 10 per cent. I cannot understand why Canadian Pacifics show such an increase in traffic while the results on the Grand Trunk are so poor.

RUBBER PROSPECTS.

Those of my readers who are interested in Rubber shares should read the articles by "Ajax," in the "Financier" issues of the 5th, 6th, and 7th insts. If this gentleman is correct in his statement that buyers of the shares now standing at huge premiums will make a profit on the transaction of from 50 to 100 per cent. over the boom prices of last spring, how much greater must the prospects be for shares now standing about par in some of the newer companies whose directors have been careful to see that the shareholders have obtained value for their money.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**CAREFUL**" (Pocklington).—I know nothing about the firm you inquire about, but, judging from the circular which you enclose, I should strongly advise you to have nothing to do with them.

"**T.F.C.** (Dundee).—Don't speculate unless you can afford to lose.

"**RUBBER**" (Brighton).—The raw material is gradually rising, and may be expected to continue on the up-grade. Keep your shares for better prices.

"**R.A.** (Dublin).—Hold your shares a little longer.

"**INVESTOR**" (Rhyll).—So long as you invest only in companies which are not over capitalised, and have been genuinely reported on by recognised experts, I do not see how it is possible for you to lose money.

"**J.H.** (Dath).—I do not expect to see any further rise in Yankees for the present. The big men are too fully occupied with the financial conditions to be able to spare time for manipulating markets.

"**DOUBTFUL**" (Newmarket).—I have not the slightest fear for the future of sound Rubber Companies. If you buy the shares you mention I do not think you will have one moment's uneasiness.

"**J.G.** (Lincoln).—If the local company to which you refer is doing good business you might do worse than invest a few pounds in it. You, however, can ascertain its prospects much better than I can here in London.

"**F.B.T.** (Leicester).—By all means take up the 7 per cent. Cumulative Shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd. Such an opportunity as the present is not often to be had.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

EVENING SCHOOL GYMNASTICS.

So long as your daily work is not of too exacting a nature, you cannot do better than join an evening class for physical culture purposes. Throw the study—or the amusements—aside for one or two evenings a week, and you will not regret your action.

My opinion has often been asked by readers from districts in London where physical-culture schools do not abound, of the classes run by the London County Council.

Some eighteen thousand pupils attend these classes, and I think there can be no doubt they do a great deal of good.

Of course, where such large numbers attend you cannot expect much individual attention, but still, if there is no school set apart for gymnastics within easy reach of your house, you might do worse than attend classes provided by the L.C.C.

If you do not like them, the loss—one shilling—will not be great, so, at any rate, the matter is worth looking into.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

RICHARD SELBY INTERVENES

"I shall go down to Little Clumber to-day," said Richard. "I'm a bit concerned about the mater."

"Not unwell, I hope," said Graill, looking up.

"N—no," replied Richard, doubtfully. "At least, she doesn't say so."

He read again the letter he had received that morning.

"It isn't that," he went on; "it's the peculiar way in which she writes. I understand her pretty well, you know, and there's a tone of uncertainty about this letter which I can't quite make out. Usually she's tolerably decisive about what she says and does."

"Like yourself," suggested Graill, with a smile.

"Ah," said Richard, "I wish I could think so. I wish I were more like her in a great many respects!"

He folded up and pocketed the letter.

"Most chaps think like that, I suppose," he added, almost as if in apology.

"Yes," said Graill simply, "the decent ones."

"She's got a small dairy farm down there, as of course you are aware. Took it on a few years back, when she got sick of Moulden and all its attendant ugliness, and hankered for the country where she'd lived as a girl. The dad, who had cracked up at chain-making, and my brother Jim went with her."

Graill nodded.

Richard had not mentioned whose money had purchased the farm, but Graill knew.

"Then the old chap died, and young Jim married, and they're now living with the mater—himself, his wife, and the kiddie—and all going along prosperously and contentedly."

"That, at any rate, is the impression I've always had when I've visited them; but here's the mater writing that she contemplates giving up the farm. Isn't sure that she will, but I'm not to be surprised if she does. Says it doesn't suit her. Says again she'd be sorry to leave it, but it's hard to make dairy-farming pay nowadays. Says, to wind up, that possibly she may take another farm in the near vicinity which has been offered to her at favourable terms."

"I imagine that last alternative expresses her inclination most accurately; but still—why this spirit of vacillation? Why this evident anxiety for my approval beforehand of whatever she should choose to do?"

"Perhaps it's because she's a woman," suggested Graill.

"Nonsense!" said Richard—at the implied irrationality. "She's level-headed enough. I would trust her business judgment as readily as I'd trust my own."

He got up with his usual abruptness and reached a time-table from a hook on the wall.

"Think there's anything wrong?" queried Graill tentatively.

"Don't know," was the answer; "but I'll run down and see. You'll manage all right. I'll send you a wire to-morrow to say what time I'm returning."

And he briskly disposed of what work it was necessary to do, and set out for the station.

II.

The village of Little Clumber, Wiltshire, is a full mile away from the branch-line railway station, and the Valley Farm occupied by the Selbys was half a mile beyond that.

Richard, alighting from the train as dark was falling, had scarcely started on the walk when he heard a voice behind him asking him a question, and, turning, beheld a youngish alert man, in a smart overcoat and bowler



hat, who carried a kit bag and a long leather case.

"This the way to Little Clumber?" repeated the youngish alert man.

"Right ahead," said Richard.

"How far?"

"About a mile."

"Is there an inn there where I can get decent accommodation?" He had fallen instinctively into step.

"There's the 'Green Man.' Not at all bad. I've put up there once or twice myself."

"You don't live here, then?"

"No."

They began to talk on casual topics, and presently Richard's companion, who seemed of a frank, confiding disposition, volunteered his name and his occupation, as also his purpose in the neighbourhood.

He was Cecil Speight, it appeared; a surveyor in the employ of the Mid-Western Railway Company, making an observation of the country thereabouts in connection with a scheme for linking up Salisbury and Devizes with the main line.

Richard listened with the half-abstracted attention which was no guide at all to whether he was interested or not; and said nothing about himself.

Ultimately they reached the "Green Man" and parted company, Speight expressing the hope that he might have the pleasure of meeting Richard again; and Richard continued his journey.

It was quite dark when he arrived outside the Valley Farm, where a gig was standing, clearly betokening a visitor.

Richard had sent no telegram to announce his coming. He passed along the garden path to the front door of the solidly-built farmstead, intending to enter without knocking and give his mother a surprise, but the door opened just as he reached it.

A man was coming out. He paused to deliver a final remark over his shoulder, and Richard heard the words:

"Not a day beyond this day week. Not an hour!"

Then the door was banged, and the man brushed past Richard, walking with speed towards the waiting gig.

"Now what the devil did he mean by that?" mused Richard, looking after him, and strongly inclined to follow and inquire.

But the gig drove off as he watched, and he realised it was too late.

He turned and entered the farm, and in another moment walked into the chief living-

room of the house where his mother was sitting, in usual chair, and his brother standing in front of the

his arms strung tightly behind him—both apparently in the position in which the had left them.

"Well, mother?" said Richard; and immediately her gaze fell on his he knew was sorry to see him.

"It's you, Richard," she said, rising slowly.

She was an elderly, motherly woman, a steadfast calmness of expression which, in moments of excitement, betrayed nothing of emotion except a slight flushing of cheeks. It was from her that Richard had inherited his unwavering eyes.

She kissed him when he crossed over, and then Richard shook hands with his good-looking younger brother.

"How do, Jim?" he said. "Where's Emily?"

"Upstairs getting the youngster to bed."

"She all right?"

"Yes, thanks."

A pause.

Richard's glance travelled from one to the other, perceiving quite plainly that some one was being kept from him.

"What brings you down here?" inquired Jim carelessly.

"Sudden fancy," said Richard, sitting down. "Who was that chap who has just gone out?"

"Oh . . . Surbound, the lawyer, from Devizes."

"What was he after?"

Jim Selby looked at his mother, his expression obvious.

"Please leave us, Jim," she said quietly, and Jim went out.

"I don't wish to tell you, Richard," said when they were alone. "I have a reason, but I can't tell you that either. Please don't ask me any questions."

They faced each other, these two singularly alike, and in the silence that followed Richard weighed thoughtfully a course of action before resolving to follow it. He had not interfered with her affairs for so many years, nor she with his; but now he felt the hidden necessity demanded a departure from the rule.

"I'm sorry, mother," he said at last. "That's what I've come down for—to ask questions. I want to know what's troubling you, and why you should talk of leaving the place. What advantages has the other farm that you mention over this?"

"It hasn't any, at first sight, but it's smaller, and I think I could manage it better."

"Do you want to take it?"

She did not reply.

"Whom does it belong to?"

"Mr. John Daventry."

"Who's he?"

"A well-to-do farmer."

"Local?"

"Yes."

"What can be his idea in offering to sell you a farm?"

"He wants this one."

"What for?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No."

"What is it—a sort of exchange?"

"Yes."

"But surely he has a motive. Have you any idea what it is?"

"No."

Richard harked back.

"You say you don't wish to leave the farm. In that case you can, of course, reject his offer."

She made no reply.

"Don't you?" he persisted quietly.
 "I will answer no more questions," she said.
 "I'm afraid I must put some more, then. If you can't reject his offer, then he must have a hold over you. Isn't that so?"
 She was silent.
 "I want to know what that hold is," Richard went on, and waited again.
 "Because," he added composedly, "I intend to remove it."
 They regarded each other unflinchingly.
 "Come, mother!" said Richard. "I've made up my mind."
 "So have I," she said.
 Unconsciously his expression darkened.
 "Does it mean that I've lost the right to your confidence?" he asked.
 "No; you could never do that," she said.
 "Then tell me."
 She shook her head.
 "Mother!" It was a stern note of command.
 "I am not," she said.
 "You see," she broke out rather impatiently; "that your persistence is hurting me."
 "Don't you see," said Richard in a low voice, "that for you to be in trouble and refuse my help is hurtful, too? Now, mother, what?"
 "I seemed to take a pull on hidden strength, and stood up."
 "I will not tell you," she said breathlessly.
 "Very well, then," said Richard, "I shall find out."
 "You will find out nothing from Jim. He has promised. And Emily doesn't know."
 "Then I must do without their help," said Richard.
 "And he said no more on the subject that day."

III.

The following morning Richard borrowed money from Jim, rode into Devizes, and called on Mr. Surbound, the lawyer.
 "I've called from Mrs. Selby," he opened.
 "To tell you that next Wednesday is impossible," was the reply.
 "We shall foreclose," was the reply.
 "Ah!" said Richard, "so it's a mortgage, is it?"
 His tone made the lawyer's eyes narrow in scrutiny.
 "Who might you be?" he asked.
 "Her eldest son," said Richard, "and I want to know the full details of this matter."
 "Hasn't Mrs. Selby explained them herself?" was the crafty inquiry.
 "She may have done. That's not the question. I want your version."
 "Well, you won't get it," flashed the lawyer, "unless you modify your tone, my friend."
 "I think I shall," said Richard softly, and drew out his cheque-book. "I am prepared to pay off the mortgage here and now, Mr. Surbound, providing I am satisfied the transaction has been carried through honestly."
 "Honestly!" The lawyer half started to his feet.
 "I never knew an honest man object to a word," continued Richard. "Now get me out the deed; I'm rather curious to see who is the mortgagee, I'd lay odds it's Mr. Daventry."
 Half an hour later he left the office and rode to Little Clumber.
 He called next upon Mr. Daventry, who came out, but after diligent inquiry, he sighted strangely enough, in a field belonging to the mother's farm, conversing with a man whom he recognised as the Mr. Speight he had met on the previous day.
 Richard's approach over the grass-land was instantly heard and unnoticed by them.

Daventry, a burly countryman, with square felt hat, cutaway coat and gaiters, was pointing with his stick first to one side of the valley and then to the other side, and talking persuasively in a loud, rather harsh voice.

Something that Richard heard made him halt suddenly, his eyes glistening. Then he stepped forward and touched Mr. Daventry on the shoulder.

"Not so fast," he said. "This land isn't yours yet, and I think it would be much the wisest plan not to enter into any arrangements concerning it till it is. In fact, you may safely accept my assurance that it *never* will belong to you."

And he held a stamped document before the burly farmer's eyes.

For a moment the latter stared at it, surprised and inarticulate. Then he took a backward step and raised his arm.

He did not strike. There was a hint of anticipatory gladness about Richard which informed him that he might rue it. He comprehended that Richard only wanted the flimsiest of excuses to assault him.

He turned and strode heavily away.

"Now," said Richard to Cecil Speight, "if you'll kindly accompany me to the house I shall be pleased to introduce you to the rightful owner of this land, and you can then discuss all you wish to discuss with her."

* * * * *

Richard had a story to tell his friend Graill when he returned to Moulden.

"I've altered my mind about the level-headedness of women," he confessed. "Just listen to this!"

"My brother Jim, before he was married, was a bit of a harum-scarum youngster, constantly getting into scrapes which he required the help of others to get him out of."

"I helped him occasionally. So did the mater—to a far greater extent than I had ever imagined. She paid out so much on his account that she was forced to get a mortgage of £250 on the farm, just to square things. And I was never told a word, because I might say what I thought to young Jim!"

"So I should have done, by gad! . . . But it's too late now; and besides, he's reformed."

"Well, the mortgagee, to begin with, was somebody or other that doesn't matter, but later on the loan was transferred, a neighbouring farmer named Daventry taking it. Then he worked the mater to pay off the principal by means of instalments, forcing her into an arrangement which he must have known she would be unable to adhere to. Why?"

"I'll tell you why. The Valley Farm lies between a river and a range of hills, just filling up what is practically the only level space between; and the Mid-Western Railway, Graill, are laying down a new line which must either run through the mater's territory, or cross the river—which means building a bridge—or get t'other side of the hills by means of a tunnel. So whoever holds the valley-land can ask a considerable price of the Railway Company for the privilege of running through it."

"So you tumble now to Daventry's motive? He must have got wind of the scheme some time ago, and a devilish smart lawyer has been aiding and abetting him."

"I had to use my own wits to find all this out, because the mater could not bring herself, as she put it, to let me pay for her own indiscretion—indiscretion meaning the follies of Jim. I soon put her in good humour though, when, after paying the mortgage and interest, I was able to show her that the figure she'll get from the Railway for the afore-mentioned privilege will enable her to repay me with ease in the space of a few months."

"So all's serene once more."

[Another of these stories will appear shortly. — Editor.]

A MAN TO ENVY.

THE PEDLAR'S FREEDOM AND HOW HE ENJOYS IT.

We were both on tramp. That is to say we were both walking, but a world separated us where our plans, hopes, and occupations were concerned. And perhaps it was because there was nothing of rivalry in our purposes that we fell easily into conversation.

I confess I could not fall into his stride, though I tried valiantly to do so. For while I walked with rather a long stride, one above the average in length, he, on the other hand, being a short man and having something to carry, took what seemed to me to be little hops that were impossible to keep pace with.

Moreover, as I afterwards learned, he had been a soldier, and the regulation step which I suppose he had then acquired, had contracted considerably.

I was taking a late week—the week in reserve that many wise men keep back from their holiday instead of throwing the whole lot together in one gorgeous seaside orgie.

As for holidays, he, I believe, knew nothing of them. His holidays were the days when people could not, or would not, buy—Sundays, Bank Holidays, wakes, feasts, and other days when the contents of a pedlar's basket made a vain appeal against the attractions of spending money on what are called real pleasures.

He was one of those infrequently-met men whom one can read through and through, not because they have little in them, or are simple to the verge of idiocy, but because their outlook on life is straight and simple and comprehended within a well-defined limit.

Thus, he knew nothing of care. He told me he had deliberately taken to this life of peddling because it saved him worry.

Now I should have thought that the precarious market of roadside houses and scattered farms where his reception might or might not be hostile, would have entailed more worry and anxiety than any other sort of life, in a more settled setting, could have provided.

Such was not his opinion. The cares and worries of a little draper's shop had driven him out of a town on to the road, and he had found contentment.

He was a man absolutely without a home. But do not mistake my meaning. Homeless he was, and yet he had none of the average homeless man's ill-regulated qualities. Indeed, he was the sort of man who would be called by some people "eminently respectable."

Where he had previously been anchored to worry and expense in the shape of a fixed abode and a troublesome business I cannot tell, but he told me that the time came when he could no longer "bear up against it all."

Then he sold his stock during a week's terrific excitement of "sale-prices," put all the proceeds in some bank, closed his shop-door behind him for the last time, and at about one o'clock one sultry summer night found himself standing on the deserted town pavement breathing for the first time in his life the air of freedom.

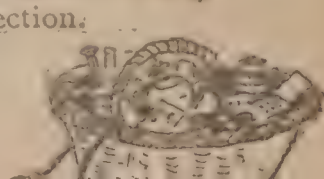
Sixteen years of the open road, during which time he had never slept in the same bed for more than three nights, and sometimes not in a bed at all, had given him an extraordinary view of what constituted the necessities of life.

He spoke with a sort of suppressed gladness that he had not given hostages to fortune by marrying a wife and begetting a family, before he found himself alone on the town pavement that summer night.

"I should be grey, anxious, and unhappy now," he said, taking off his hat to let the sunlight illuminate his browned face and well-covered head.

He had, indeed, brought the art of doing without things almost to perfection.

GEORGE MARTIN.



THE OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.
EMPTYING THE POCKETS.

Many men, especially those who work in an office, are not in the habit of putting on a different suit every day, and it is to those who wear the same suit two or more days running that the following hints are addressed.

Never omit to empty every pocket of a suit before putting it by for the night. If the pockets are left full and bulging, the suit does not get that rest which it needs as much as you do, and the cloth has no chance to regain its proper shape.

If the pockets are emptied before the suit is taken off, the process becomes in time an automatic one and is little or no trouble. If, however, you do not empty them until after you have undressed, it is much more troublesome. You have to feel for the pockets, and the various articles do not come out so easily as they would have done when the suit was on your body.

Then the coat should be hung over the back of a chair—not folded, and still less thrown down indiscriminately—and the trousers and waistcoat folded and laid flat on the seat of the chair.

The plan I always adopt is to put the contents of my pockets, every night on a certain corner of my dressing table, arranging the contents of each pocket separately in positions more or less corresponding to those of the pockets in which I habitually keep them.

This may seem to be reducing the thing to a farce, but every man has little habits of this kind, and after a time it becomes mechanical. And at least my plan saves time, for I have everything ready to hand in the morning.

The things that belong to my right-hand pockets are ready to my right hand and those for the left-hand pockets are easily taken up by the left hand, and by keeping everything together I avoid the unpleasantness of finding I have left my cigarette-case or my latch-key behind in the morning.



THE GOLDEN MEAN IN TROUSERS.

I was walking along the street the other day behind a very Transatlantic-looking gentleman whose trousers made me positively ill to look at. They were of terrific bagginess round the hip and knee and tapered gradually until they fitted close, like a pair of clown's pantaloons, round his ankles.

I have no doubt he would have explained that they gave him freedom in the right place, and that the close-fitting ankles were the only common-sense thing to have. But as a matter of fact they must have been most cumbersome.

I turned from him to contemplate a typical British John Bull sort of person who was walking not far behind him, and here I had another shock.

In this case the trousers resembled nothing so much as the hind legs of an elephant.

They were the same width all the way down and were quite tubular, without a suggestion of a crease. They did not fit over the ankles, but stuck out equally all round, so that they flapped about as their wearer walked.

So it was borne in upon me that it was not merely a question of nationality—in fact, of the two, the Yankee looked the smarter.

What was wanted was the golden mean between the tapering pantaloons of the American and the shapeless tubes of the Britisher.

This is what the "peg-top" trouser, now once more popular, hits off, if it is properly cut. Exaggeration in either direction, as with most articles of dress, is fatal to a smart appearance.

LEATHER-LINED COATS.

The overcoat with a leather lining was originally invented for the motorist, but nowadays many men possess these extremely warm and comfortable garments, whose trips in a motor-car are few and far between.

These coats are expensive luxuries, but they will last practically for ever and are well worth the original outlay.

But for various reasons, if you are contemplating the purchase of such a coat, it is most essential to get one with the lining detachable.

In the first place, the lining is practically indestructible, and will outlast several coats and can be transferred from one to the other.

Also a leather-lined coat is excellent for certain occasions and temperatures, but it is very often unsuitable in this climate of ours.

Many possessors of one of these coats wear it on every possible occasion, and often when the weather by no means warrants it. Leather is excellent for keeping in the warmth of the body

A USEFUL COLLAR HINT.

A clean collar daily is a luxury that can only be enjoyed at the expense of a considerable increase in the laundry bill. At the same time it is recognised that the wearer of a soiled collar cannot possibly appear smart, no matter how carefully he may otherwise be dressed.

The best way out of the difficulty is to use Lin-Gloss, a washable linen glaze, the use of which enables you to wash an ordinary linen collar every morning with a cold water cloth, and wear it for a month without having recourse to the laundry.

The appearance of the linen is not altered in any way—it is quite impossible to tell a collar has been treated with it, and saves 500 per cent. on the outlay.

Lin-Gloss is sold in bottles at 1s., containing a six months' supply. Send 1s. P.O. and 1d. stamp to-day to the Lin-Gloss Works, 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

in cold weather, but it is by no means a covering in warmer weather.

The advantage of having a detachable lining, therefore, is obvious. Unless you are content to let your best overcoat remain idle for the greater part of the year, you must be able to unbutton and remove the soft leather lining, and to do so without the coat without it. The thick material—frieze—of which the coat itself is made is warm enough if you are going to do any walking.

FASHION-PLATES.

I cannot explain exactly why it is, but whenever I gaze at fashion-plates—whether on the fitting wall or when they are given with papers cater for the trade—I am inclined to wonder if the artist is incompetent or blind.

The fashion-plates which adorn the dressmaker's wall and the weekly journals on fashion are attractive; smart, yet pretty. On the masculine side, however, the illustrations well represent wooden dummies with expressionless faces of too perfect a cut and clothes, mainly because of the way they hang, are pulsive rather than attractive.

There are a few up-to-date tailors who have good sense to go to first-rate artists and to let them draw a man clad in the suit they advertise instead of a suit hanging on a dummy.

GLATTOLIN.

Patented and registered in all Countries, makes the edges of your Collar and Cuffs feel like velvet, prevents them from chafing the skin.

Price per Block, 6d. post free, from

Sole Manufacturers,

Dr. MAX LEHMANN & CO.

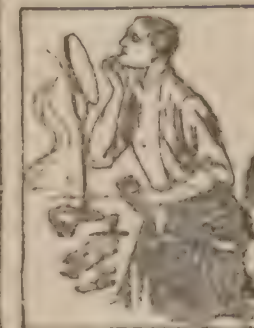
68, Basinghall Street, London.

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.

I Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome Polished Oak, Plated Fittings. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pairs. 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London.

Oatine



Even the keenest razor irritates the skin. After shaving OATINE after shaving it stops the burning and soothes the skin.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps (4d. stamps preferred), a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Bldgs., Merald Ct., London.

GENT'S HOSE

FREE, ABSOLUTELY FREE.

As an advertisement and for a short time only we will send post free and to any address, 3 pairs (either Ladies' or Gent's) of our well-known "Marvel Hose" for the ridiculous amount of 1s. 4d., or 6 pairs for 2s. 6d. The quality and superior finish of these socks and stockings we are sure will give you every satisfaction. For strength and durability they cannot be equalled. To all THE MODERN MAN readers sending 5s. for 12 pairs, we will present absolutely free, half-dozen pure white pocket handkerchiefs (Ladies' or Gent's) same as sold elsewhere at 6d. each. We are confident of your future patronage and recommendation when you see the marvellous value we give. Send at once.

THE MARVEL HOSE

111, Amhurst Road, London, N.E.

IF IT'S A MCKINLEY

That is all you need know about a suit.

Because the "McKinley" standard represents the Hall Mark of Tailoring Perfection. The McKinley goods are made from genuine Scotch and English materials, are cut and tailored by expert London workmen, and although sold at lower prices than is usual for high-class goods, they have all the qualities of goods for which double the price is charged elsewhere.

Suits (to measure) 25/- to 50/-
Overcoats .. 21/- to 45/-

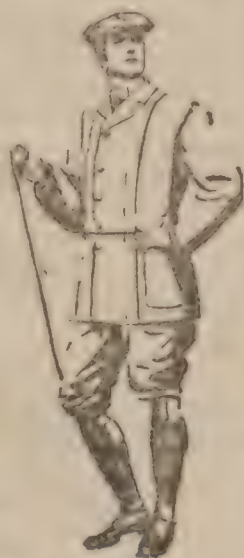
Carriage Paid, No Extras, and we refund your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

Send to-day for our Booklet "MN," our splendid range of Free Samples, Fashion Plates, copies of Unsolicited Testimonials, tape measure, and the McKinley scientific self-measurement chart, which enables any one to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

C. & G. MCKINLEY,

Tailoring Dept.,

7, Gresham St., London, E.C.



but unfortunately fashion-plates of this sort are none too frequently found. On the whole, however, I doubt if we are as badly off in this respect as the fair sex, for fashion-plates of ladies' dresses are often absolutely ludicrous, and the figures that wear them appear about ten feet high. Instead of their total height being five and a-half times that of the head, it is sometimes twelve or more times as much.

SENSIBLE CANDOUR.

To the man who is interested in dress the advertisements of tailors and others who cater for his needs make almost as interesting reading as anything that can be written about clothes. The other day I came across an advertisement of an enterprising firm, in which they said, "Our clothes are not 'the best on earth,' though we might easily have said so; we give our readers credit for a little more commonsense than to believe such a statement. We don't depend upon what and untrue statements to bring us customers. What we do say is that clothes produced by us are the best examples of really stylish tailoring that can be produced to-day at the price." That advertisement appealed to me far more than any claim to produce garments that are the best in the world. No sensible man can imagine that a suit for which he pays a reasonable price—something under £4, let us say—can be as good as one he could get if he could afford to pay £20 or £30. But most of us can only afford to pay a reasonable amount for our clothes, and we want the best that can be obtained at the price. A tailor may well claim to produce the best in some particular locality, or he may justly claim that a particular suit is the best value offered for the money, but to assert that every garment he produces is "the best in the world" is manifestly absurd.

THE SALE SEASON.

Already a goodly number of tailors' and out-fitters' windows are plastered with the legends, "Sale now on," "Prices greatly reduced," and so on. As I have mentioned before, one needs to be especially wary when great reductions are advertised, for you cannot always be sure that the price at which the article is said to be reduced is not purely fictitious one, which it never would have reached in its prime. The great criterion is to visit a shop where you have previously noted the prices charged at a particular season. I was astonished the other day to notice the reductions marked in the windows of one of the famous J. R. Dale and Co.'s City shops, and if I had not known from personal observation that the prices of goods had been marked a week before at a level of which the present one was in some cases reduced about 70 per cent., I should have been inclined to doubt whether the reduction was a genuine one. However, all tailors and men's outfitters must, of course, get rid of their stocks somehow at the end of the season, for although the same stuff may be in demand next season, material that is kept in stock too long will not improve in quality, like

CLEANING AN UMBRELLA.

If it is your misfortune to live at this time of year in London, or in any other city where the motor-bus holds sway, the chances are that your umbrella presents a very bedraggled appearance at the end of the day. With rain eternally imminent most men carry their umbrellas unrolled, and when you are walking along the edge of the pavement or crossing the road, you are lucky if your umbrella, and possibly your trousers, do not come in for a liberal splashing. The method of cleaning adopted by the average man—if he tackles the job at all—is to let the mud fall on, and then to attempt to brush it off. But this is rarely successful.

It is far better to open the umbrella and wash it, preferably before the mud has had time to dry.

An old nailbrush is extremely useful for this purpose, or if you have not one handy, it is worth while investing a penny at an oil-shop on a brush which can be used for this and similar purposes.

Hot water and, if necessary, a little soap will work wonders, and the umbrella will not be any wetter than it was before.

It should be left open, if possible, to dry, especially if soap is used, as otherwise traces of the soap may remain in the folds.

SOLUTIONING A BOOT.

Only last week I had the misfortune to ruin a boot on the very day I purchased it. By knocking the boot against the metal base of a theatre stall I grazed the toe so badly that I spoiled the general appearance of the boot altogether.

Naturally I went straightway to curse the boot-maker and to try to persuade him that the boots

were of inferior quality, but I know from experience that the best of boots—especially glacé kid ones—will "go" if the top of the toe is brought suddenly into contact with a sharp piece of metal.

There is one thing to be done, and the cyclist does it. Out comes his rubber solution, and he carefully pastes down the protruding piece of stuff. When he has impressed upon the mind of the handmaiden the necessity for brushing only in one direction, his duties are complete.

Those who do not happen to be cyclists should know that, after being solutioned, the tear should be left standing for at least a minute before being stuck down. As the solution becomes thicker it gains in strength.

A tube may be purchased for a couple of pence, and might well be discarded after first use. You will probably not require to patch another boot for some time to come, and it is worth the twopence to have the sticky, smelly, and inflammable stuff out of the house.

TURKISH BATH TALKS.



Last year, instead of making ponderous, stilted, and bombastic statements about my Turkish Bath Cabinet, I decided to talk frankly to every reader—just as I would talk to him if he came to my showroom, or if we met socially.

I have a speciality to sell which has sheer merit—downright honest merit—in it for all who want to husband their health. I want every one to know this and so adopt a plain, straightforward method of telling my business story.

I am an advertiser and I have something to sell. You are the best judge of the value to you of what I have to sell. If you buy, I make a profit. But in making that profit I maintain that I sell something that you ought not to be without.

There are some men, and women too, who read an advertisement and say: "The usual story; it is my money he wants." And that is true of every advertiser. Granted that I want your money, what you have to consider is—whether I am prepared to give you real value for your cash when you spend it.

This is what I have to sell—the Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet. It is a portable, foldable Turkish bath for use in the home, complete in itself, always ready for use, and including the necessary heating apparatus.

It is made of a durable antiseptic material in my own little factory in London. It takes up little or no room. It lasts a lifetime. It can be made ready in a minute in any room in your house. It gives all the benefits to be derived from the public Turkish Bath.

A Turkish Bath in the ordinary way costs 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. for one bath—and small gratuities are expected. One Turkish Bath a week at 2s. 6d. per time would cost you £6 10s. a year. My Gem Cabinet costs 30s., and you can take as many Turkish baths as you like for years. The only extra cost is a matter of pence for spirit to feed the heating apparatus.

Judged that way it is a bargain.

The Turkish Bath is a necessity if perfect health is to be maintained; it is also a cure for much ill-health. Health depends on a free action of the pores of the skin—which means that every one of hundreds of thousands of pores must do its work of eliminating the poisons which are cast into the blood by the wear and tear of the tissue of the body—the building and rebuilding process which is always going on. Without Turkish bathing these pores become clogged with the poisons exhaled by the skin, with the grease of soap, with dust and dirt. A Turkish Bath keeps the pores open.

Much ill-health is due to poisons in the system—in the blood. Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, are all symptoms of uric-acid poisoning. Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, and all the kindred symptoms of nervous trouble are due to a poisoned life stream. Susceptibility to cold and influenza is due to a lowering of the tone of the system. The tired feeling which comes to many, exhaustion, sleeplessness, and all the minor troubles which are expressed by the phrase "under par" are due to the simple fact that the blood is flagging and impure.

Now, Turkish Bathing keeps the blood pure. In the cure of all the above diseases it helps Nature to take the first step; it is a step that must be taken before people can be well. There is no doubt that Turkish Bathing will keep you well, if you are well—will help you to get better if you are ill.

It is not a matter of what I say because I want your money. It is so! It is a fact that everyone knows who has studied the circulation of the blood.

When you use the Gem Turkish Bath, what happens is this.

You get home tired. Perhaps there is a twinge of the old enemy—rheumatism. Your muscles ache. You are bodily weary. You sit in the Cabinet for half an hour. The warmth speedily acts on your skin. You begin to perspire gradually. As the temperature rises, you perspire freely. A few minutes of free perspiration works a wonder. You open the Turkish Bath, wash in tepid water, complete with a cold sponge—and you feel a new man or woman. You will feel better, brighter, stronger—refreshed as if you had risen from a dreamless slumber.

Don't bother about whether I want your money. You can have the Bath, and can test every word of this statement. If you say that the Bath is not worth the money to you—does not do what I say it will do—send the Bath back.

These are my terms. The Bath costs 30s. You can pay in one sum in cash on my guarantee that the Gem Bath will do what I say it does, and if it does not, and you say so within ten days, I return your 30s. You can make an initial payment of 10s., and pay me five monthly instalments of 4s. 6d. By this method of easy payment I do not give a free trial, and the Bath costs you 32s. 6d., but it is worth every penny of it. I cannot make you a fairer offer. I am a trader, and want a profit on what I sell. But if you test the thing itself and think it is unsatisfactory, you are not committing yourself to the shadow of a possibility of loss, for I will refund your money.

Ladies and gentlemen, the winter season is here, and you need this Bath. It is going to be a comfort to you—a source of protection, a watch-dog against disease. Don't shelve the matter, but at least let me send you my 100pp. Booklet, post free.

Money orders and cheques should be made payable to my company, The Gem Supplies Co., Ltd. (Desk 18), 22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road (near Gas Office), London, E.C.

THE TURKISH BATH MAN.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. C. N. (London, S.W.) informs us that the snake appearing in the badge of the R.A.M.C. represents the serpent set up by Moses in the Wilderness when the Jews were stricken with plague. More likely it is borrowed from the sign of Esculapius, the Greek god of healing.

A. O. (Oldham).—The secretary of the Oldham Modern Man Club is Mr. Albert Longley, 32, Middleton Road, Oldham.

W. T. (Glamorgan).—If the paraffin treatment has failed to keep your hair from coming out, you had better consult your doctor, as there appears to be something wrong.

A. B. C. (Sheffield).—We don't propose to start football competitions or any others.

A. H. (Windsor) informs us that the Royal Horse Guards may salute when bareheaded, and that they are the only regiment which can do so.

W. F. HASTLOW, 60, Clarendon Street, Leamington Spa, wants to meet a local reader who is keen on cross-country running and long-distance walking.

G. S. S. (Glasgow).—Have your thumb seen to by a doctor, otherwise it may prove very troublesome, and may compel you to give up boxing altogether. You would not have had this accident if you had kept your thumb close to your first finger while boxing.

A. C. (South Kirkby).—Messrs. Clarkson, theatrical outfitters, Wardour Street, London, can supply all sorts of fancy costumes. It is much better fun to make your own, however. This correspondent informs us that a young assistant in the local co-operative stores is an exact double of our Editor. Our congratulations and sympathy to the young man concerned!

H. LIDBETTER, Oak Alyn, Deganuy Avenue, Llandudno, wants to meet a reader in his locality who is keen on boxing.

H. D. H. (Hurstmonceux).—The yellow facings of your uniform should be cleaned with a yellow cloth ball. Better apply to your S.S.-M. for some further tips, as you seem to be pretty green on Territorial matters.

L. S. (Wigan).—To be a successful singer of comic songs, you must have a natural gift of humour. Get your voice trained by a competent teacher, and remember when you are singing a comic song not to exaggerate the funny part; there is added force in restrained humour. It is a safe rule never to laugh till your audience laughs.

J. B. (Appleby).—A dark-coloured lounge suit will probably be quite suitable for the function you mention; wear it with an ordinary starched or soft-fronted shirt. Never wear loose cuffs; they are always incorrect.

A. R. (Newport).—A valet must know how to look after his master's clothes, and must also be a fairly expert hairdresser. When you can claim to have these qualifications apply for an advertised vacancy, but leave the agencies alone.

"ALON" (Shrewsbury).—It is people like you who make an editor's work hard. "Some time ago," you write, "I wrote you a letter re several topics, and as you have not acknowledged it in any way I shall be glad to know if you have received same." You give no name, and only your town as an address; you don't say what you wrote about. Permit us to tell you that we receive over a hundred letters daily; how do you expect us to remember yours, when these are all the facts you give us about it?

A. R. (Manchester).—Better write to the secretary of the Manchester MODERN MAN Club, Mr. S. Mellor, 17, Aqueduct Street, Ducie Street, Manchester. If your application for membership is accepted, you will have no further reason to complain of your evenings being dull.

E. T. (Warrington).—Candour may be unkind but it will probably save you much greater pain in the future. Judging by the specimens of your

work which you sent us, you have no real artistic gift. You say that you have studied at an art school for five years, and that you ought to be able to make money. It does not follow. Comparatively few of the artists who make money have spent more than six months at an art school. Art schools can teach you technique, but they cannot give you the gift.

G. T. R. (Cambridge).—Fancy vests are not so fashionable as they were a year ago, but that does not mean that they are unfashionable, and there is no reason why you should not wear out those that you already have.

C. F. (York).—Why don't you have a chat with the secretary of your club, and ask him to give you a few tips? When you join a club it is sheer folly to pretend to know everything. It is much wiser to get hold of one of the officials, to confess that you are an absolute novice, and to ask him to put you up to things. It is the straightforward plan, and nobody thinks a whit the less of you for adopting it.

P. H. (Dundee).—The Army regulation forbidding you to clean a horse by any other means than brushing is not practical when you have to look after a horse with white stockings, such as the one which you describe. No harm can be done by washing the white part with soap and warm water, but make very certain that you dry the horse's leg thoroughly, for otherwise it may develop a cracked heel.

K. E. (Cork).—You cannot learn billiards satisfactorily from a book. It is much better to get a few practical lessons from a competent teacher. The average marker is competent to impart the necessary knowledge, and, if you bargain with him, his charge will not be very heavy.

W. H. (Burnley).—We quite agree with you that spectacles or eye-glasses do not improve a man's appearance, but if you have weak eyesight it is foolish for you not to wear glasses. Remember that there is such a thing as blindness, and, by saving your eyes by means of glasses now, you may make them serve your purpose during your life.

D. F. (Northampton).—We scarcely see how you can gratify your taste for yachting while living in an inland town. Much better take up some sort of sport such as cross-country running, which you can enjoy at any time.

H. B. A. (Lanark).—Thank you for the suggestion. We quite understand that to the new recruit the matter of getting into his overalls and Wellingtons is a difficult problem. We have asked Captain Saunders to deal with it in the next number.

B. M. (Battersea).—Don't have your overcoat cut too long. A very long overcoat may look well, and be very comfortable when travelling, but it is awkward when you have to walk in it, particularly when you go up any stairs, for you tread on the end of the coat at each step, unless you hold it up as a girl does her dress. If your coat reaches your ankles it is about the limit. If it touches your instep it is too long for convenience.

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday.

At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

R. H. (Swindon).—For cross-country running shoes with rubber soles are the best. Those spikes must, of course, be reserved for road running. They are quite impossible for road country.

R. J. (West Ham).—We should not put too much money on Clapton Orient for promotion. If they get a few injuries they will go on losing matches.

J. B. L. (Lincoln) sends us a large parcel of cuttings from the "Morning Leader" proving that all Unionists are either villains, liars, thieves. We thank him, but from the pages of the "Express" we can prove that all Liberals are blackguards, rogues, and blasphemers. You may buy two papers nowadays and try and find the truth by a process of deduction.

J. R. B. (Hammersmith).—Do not try to reveal your practice in your back-garden. The average burglar would penetrate three suburban garden walls and fences.

J. B. (Newcastle), **C. G. M.** (Chester), **A. F.** (Oxford), **A. R. W.** (Beckenham), **A. K.** (Liverpool), **E. C.** (Leicester), **T. W.** (Glasgow), **R. H. V.** (Christchurch, N.Z.), **C. R.** (Reading), **T. F.** (Bolton), **T. B. L.** (Albans), **W. R.** (Cape Town), **G. G.** (Dover), **W. J.** (Leytonstone).—We are much obliged to you.

THE NEW UNIFORM.

It has been practically decided by the "pow" that khaki is no longer a suitable colour for the uniforms of our soldiers.

It has taken the War Office wiseacres a long time to discover the fact, but it is obvious to those who have given attention to the matter that khaki is almost as unsuitable as scarlet for men fighting in such a country as our own.

In dry, dusty countries, such as India, Egypt, and South Africa, khaki is very useful, but in European countries it would prove an easy target for the marksman, and another and a better colour is being sought for.

The colour to be chosen is likely to be a descript mixture of green and grey.

BOOK-PLATES.

There are those who maintain that the best book-plate a man can have is his own photograph written on the inside of the cover. The man who cares for his books may like to put in them some more ornate thing that they are his property.

If you possess a coat of arms this may be found a place on your book-plate, but see that it is correctly blazoned, for it will be handed down to posterity, and future genealogists may base their deductions upon it.

It is not every man, however, who has a right to a coat of arms, or, if he does possess it, knows what those arms are. For such a man a design suggestive of his tastes and pursuits will be most suitable.

If you are an artist yourself or have a friend who can draw the design for you, the cost of engraving and printing a book-plate need not be very great. Otherwise, there are numerous societies and Press artists who will undertake to produce a design on any line suggested.

But a book-plate should have a close connection with its owner. It should not merely be a pretty picture with a name in one corner. Better than that is the simplest of all printed book-plates, a thin visiting card pasted inside the cover—not on the fly-leaf where it can be torn out.

For the man who is bitten with the collecting mania and wants something a little out of the common to collect, book-plates are strongly to be recommended. They are most interesting in themselves, and those of distinguished men and public bodies are to be found in second-hand book-shops and may be obtained for a few pence, or for nothing in old books.



Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason. In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "The Modern Man," with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Gentlemen, here is a clothing hint worth knowing! "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high class coat, thoroughly waterproof and reliable, for ordinary or sporting wear. Ready for service, in all sizes. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Reversible sporting coat, guaranteed waterproof both sides, in good condition, 38 to 40 chest; bargain 30s., or near offer.—Box 3966, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Press-screw stretch-press, for producing perfectly hanging trousers, 3s. 9d., c.p.; five-strand chest expander and convertible developer, with patent handles, 5s.—Box 4140, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

More round shoulders.—Send for my famous shoulder braces. They keep the shoulders back and expand the chest. Post free 1s. 3d.—Prof. Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs trousers; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, pair of walking-out Wellington boots, size 9, good condition.—Box 4146, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

White flannel trousers (new), leg 31in., waist 33in.; value 16s.; now 12s.—Box 4145, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Beautiful pair of skates, semi-racing pattern, 12s. 6d.; also five chambered revolver, 7s. 6d.; both never used.—Box 4142, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Single barrel ejector gun, 12 bore, choke; splendid condition; perfect condition; 25s.; bargain.—Box 4144, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cricketing-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, Box 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cycle wanted for cash, must be in perfect order.—Box 4108, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Set of boxing gloves, condition as new, bargain, the set.—Box 4133, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good secondhand revolver for cash, or would exchange with 22 rifle.—Box 4109, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

New cleek, iron, and massie, cost 22s. 6d., take 10s.; also a driver, brasse, iron, mashie, special 2s. 6d. each.—Box 4151, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cricketing ball, complete, fine quality, double-ended, cost 14s. 6d.; also brand new set boxing gloves, best make, cost 12s. 6d.; bargain, the lot, 16s. 6d.—Box 4027, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned with very little trouble and no outlay. Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Works, 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 16.

EDUCATIONAL.

Can you Sketch? If so, why not go in for Press illustration? We teach you by post up-to-date method.—Stamp for illustrated prospectus, Sec., London House, Westhoughton, Lancs.

"Cassell's New Popular Educator," bound half-leather, not used. What offers?—Box 4141, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, "The Modern Man," complete 115 numbers, new condition. What offers?—Write, Fuller, Beaufort, Leatherhead.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

Stammering Effectually Cured by Correspondence or Personally. Treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

"How to Make a Speech Without Using Notes." Learn the valuable art of public speaking. Interesting handbook free.—Central London Institute, Holborn Hall, London.

Books of all kinds. See Foyle's advertisement, page 19.

MUSIC.

Banjo and case, 5 strings, nickel rim, 30 clips; good condition; cost 45s.; will exchange for hand or stand camera.—Knowles, 32, Eustace Street, Warrington.

DOGS.

Magnificent brindle dog, 2 years, 49lb., affectionate, fond children; £3, or offers.—Box 4112, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Retriever, Spanish black dog, broken to gun, splendid companion; £1 15s., or exchange Airedale or Irish terrier dog.—Box 4113, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Magnificent Airedale dog for Sale, 3 years, make good stock dog; splendid breed, good companion, quiet with children; sacrifice £2, or near offer.—Box 4114, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

£200 Provident certificate, ballot department; £12 10s. paid; £7, or best offer.—Box 4143, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Provident bond, paid in £50, bonus £10, £500 can be borrowed for house one year from transfer. What offers?—Box 4156, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mail order business for sale, showing fine profits, profitable investment. Full particulars.—Box 4157, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Asthma, bronchitis, catarrh.—Sufferers please write Francis Charteris, 153, Duke Street, Liverpool.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 4159, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

HAREM SLAVE'S SECRET (Arabian musk). A fragrant, dreamy, Oriental perfume for men. 8d.—Binn, 4, Pit Lane, Bradford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Safety razor, complete in case, with 7 blades, &c., cost 5s. when new; bargain; accept 2s. 9d., post free.—Box 3961, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's handsome simulation gold double albert, with free gift of beautiful seal, 1s., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d. post free.—Our latest invention, the "Swift" fountain pen, is an absolutely world's wonder, always ready for use, best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day, to Patent Novelties Co., 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

5/- SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/-

With extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth-date and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Llandaff, Glam.

Genuine 5s. Ingersoll watches, brand new, in perfect order, a few to clear, 3s. 6d. each; postage and packing, 3d. extra.—Box 4163, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A Genuine Offer!—Pocket knives, shop price 3s. 6d., our price 1s.; the finest quality, the thinnest and the most handiest knife in the world (patent); guaranteed two of the finest Sheffield blades in English oxydised steel handles.—Send 1s. P.O. to Patent Novelties Co., 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent's heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

22S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double-breasted Overcoat (worth £5 5s.), thick Cheviot cloth, splendid quality, with plaid lining, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, 40in. breast, never worn; sacrifice, 22s. 6d. Approval willingly.

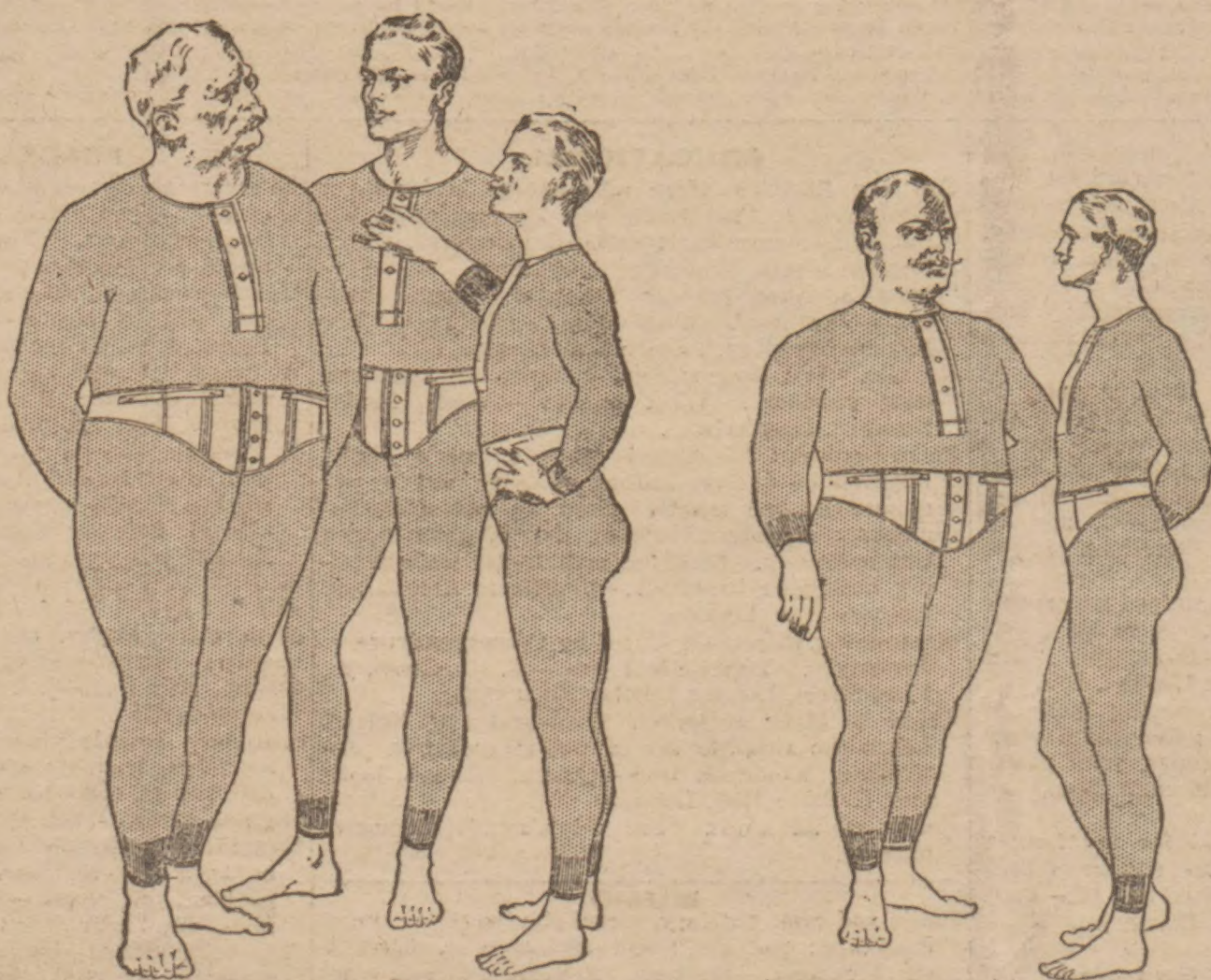
29S. 6D.—Valuable £7 7s. double-barrelled Breechloader Gun, top lever, 12 bore, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, new condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Also, another, hammerless, worth £12; sacrifice, 65s. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links;—worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

£1 1S.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent's solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.



The Correct Length of Leg and Sleeve for Every Type of Man is provided by **CUTUNA UNDERWEAR**

(GRADUATED LENGTH UNSHRINKABLE)

It provides, in addition to the chest or waist size you require, the correct length of sleeve in vests and leg in pants. It affords a choice from three leg and sleeve lengths to every waist size and chest size respectively. No need for "tucks," "turn-ups" or "short-ends" when you buy "Cutuna" underwear.

Outdoor men—Men who follow Sports and Games—will especially appreciate "Cutuna" Underwear for its fine warmth-giving qualities. The weight and texture are just right to keep the body at a cosy heat. Whether you watch the game or play it, there's little chance of catching a chill if you wear "Cutuna."

The fine materials used in its manufacture are beautifully soft—cosy to the skin—good for appearance and for wear. At the seat, and front of thigh, where hard wear falls, the wool is doubly woven. "Cutuna" Underwear is positively guaranteed against shrinkage: any garment which shrinks being replaced without question or quibble. The following are the Prices (Out-Size Chest and Waist Measures slightly extra):—

VESTS (Winter Weight), 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 7/6, 7/11 (Medium Weight), 4/6
PANTS " " 3/11, 5/6, 6/6, 8/6, 8/11 " " 5/6

Write for the "Cutuna" Underwear Book, No. 8, and Samples of Materials. When writing kindly mention "The Modern Man."

Horne

BROTHERS

FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND NEW IN MEN'S WEAR

Central Establishment and Mail Order Department:

388, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

. and Branches throughout London